

THE FIELD AFAR



MARINRC

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NUMBER-IX

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.
(LEGAL TITLE)

OCTOBER
1928

Universities, Colleges, and Schools

UNIVERSITIES FOR MEN

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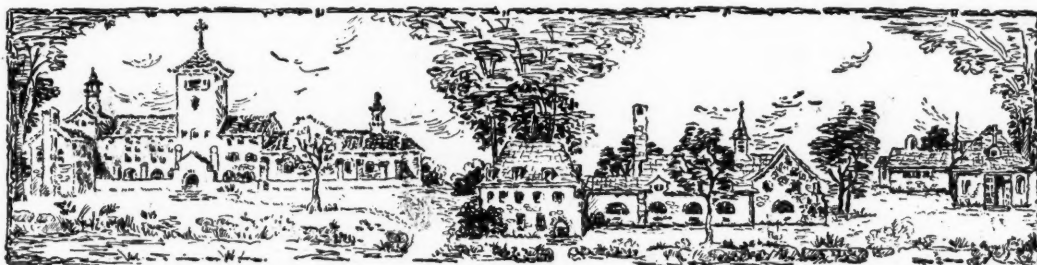
1911: Feb.

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THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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Place The Field Afar in the school this year.



Selected for the Missions

To this group must be added Rev. John Romaniello and Bros. Francis and Anselm who were not at Maryknoll when the photograph was taken



THE FIELD AFAR

OCTOBER, 1928



DEPARTURE DAYS

WE begin to feel a bit seasoned as we chronicle the fact that ten years have elapsed since the first group of Maryknoll missionaries left for Asia. That was a memorable night, and no one who witnessed the send-off will ever forget it.

At the request of His Eminence, the late Cardinal Farley, the ceremony was to have taken place in the New York Cathedral. The illness of that revered prelate determined us to use instead the little chapel in the pro-seminary and to make the first departure a family affair.

Such it was, and we are certain that while all concerned regretted the absence and fatal illness of their spiritual father, for such Cardinal Farley was to Maryknoll from the beginning, they were happier for the change from the crowded city church to the quiet of the home Knoll.

A few outsiders came, priests and lay friends, who, with the several groups at Maryknoll, filled to overflowing the small chapel and the veranda outside.

There was no weeping so far as could be observed, but there was no one present who did not experience the thrill of that first departure. They were four—Fr. Frederick Price (Superior), Fr. James E. Walsh, Fr. Francis X. Ford, Fr. Bernard Meyer—representing successively, North Carolina, Maryland, New York and Iowa, but more fully the Catholic Church of the United States for they were the first fruits of the first American Seminary for foreign missions.

Ten years have gone by since that night, when, with the hymn of departure ringing in their ears, these four pioneers coursed down the hill to begin their long journey.

After five years Fr. Walsh, now Bishop, and Fr. Meyer re-

turned for a period to seek funds which the center, with its burden of building and support, could not supply, but both hastened back to their loved mission field. Fr. Ford has not seen the shores of his native land since he left; and, as most of our readers know, Fr. Price died in Hong Kong where his precious remains are buried. His heart, at his own request, was transferred to Nevers, where Bernadette Soubirous, now Blessed, his special patroness, lived as a religious.

Departures at Maryknoll are now a regular feature of the calendar year, but each occasion carries with it a thrill that symbolizes, we believe, grace not only for those who leave, but for all who witness this simple and affective ceremony.

God makes Himself the Provider, spiritual and temporal, of those who give themselves entirely to Him.—St. Catherine of Sienna.

MANY persons have said that the Departure Ceremony at Maryknoll is like a page out of medieval history. For them the great stone seminary becomes a castle, and the spectators change into lords and ladies who watch the colorful scene from the ram-parts overlooking the great square court. Perhaps there is something of the old world in it.

At one end of the grassplot, two clerics slowly and rhythmically pound an ancient bell with

wooden mallets. Behind them stand the townsfolk, tense and alert, straining for a glimpse of the approaching procession.

A thurifer and two acolytes appear through the arches of the cloister as the choir bursts into song. The procession crosses the lawn and turns down the center aisle of the open-air chapel. The seminarians in black cassocks and white surplices are followed by visiting priests, some of them from religious orders. The white of the Dominicans and the brown of the Franciscans precede the brighter colors which indicate the prelates.

At the end of the aisle the lines separate in front of the white altar. The hierarchy are enthroned at the Gospel side. Directly opposite are the missionaries. The celebrant intones the antiphon *In viam pacis*—"In the way of peace and prosperity may the Almighty and Merciful Lord lead us", and the choir sings the canticle *Benedictus* which describes the mission of these Knights of God.

After a short sermon the missionaries kneel at the foot of the altar to renew their pledges and to be invested with the crucifix, emblem of their crusade. Then they stand on the steps of the altar and embrace the clergy who come to wish them Godspeed. During this part of the ceremony the choir sings the stirring Hymn of Departure which was written by Gounod who was once a student at the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary.

MEMORIAL ROOMS

There are still a number of Student Rooms in the Maryknoll Seminary which are awaiting patrons. The privilege of securing such a memorial room is yours for the sum of five hundred dollars. Your name will be inscribed on the door of the room, and you will be remembered by generations of aspirant apostles. Will this be your share in the mission activities of the Church in America?

READ "THE MARYKNOLL MOVEMENT"

A tinkling bell is heard. The entire assembly kneels, the choir chants "Behold the Bread of Angels", and the Lord of Hosts is borne solemnly between rows of torch-bearers to His throne on the altar. When the music stops there is a dramatic silence. Dusk is gathering in the valley below. The distant hills across the river are crimsoned by the setting sun. A dog barks afar off. The golden monstrance on the altar is lifted in benediction over bowed heads. It is the climax of a dramatic scene. Then the picture fades. The sun drops behind purple hills, the Blessed Sacrament is carried away, and the cross-bearer leads the procession back into the shadows of the arches.

The visitors leave the upper cloister and pass through the corridors of the building, out of the thirteenth century into the modern twentieth. In front of the seminary purring automobiles stand ready to whisk the missionaries to their train. In the background the field which some day will be a slightly lawn is covered with hundreds of cars. The driveway is illumined on both sides with red fire, and the black sky is popping with rockets and aerial flares. There is a hurried roll call, a last good-by, a roaring cheer, and the cars whirl away into the night, while the tower bell wildly proclaims that Maryknoll is sending out another band of missionaries.

There is a thrill in it all which never fails to stir even those who have witnessed the ceremony for years. Undoubtedly Maryknoll departures contain a "human interest appeal" which accounts for the presence in recent years of movie cameras and news photographers who scurry around the compound during the solemnities and remind us that there is a practical side to everything.

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

Stringless gifts are the most welcome at Maryknoll. They leave us free to apply the help where the need is greatest.

Outgoing Sisters (August)—

TWENTY-SIX Sisters leaving for the Pacific Coast and points beyond is a new record for any American congregation, but Monday, August 6th of this year, registered the event for our Maryknoll Sisters. Perhaps such an event should have been made widely known with great emphasis, but departures at Maryknoll

This large number of mission Sisters recalls a still larger group of Franciscan Missionaries of Mary who left Europe in 1925 for India and other parts of Asia. Because of the number and because of the fact that it was Holy Year, these Sisters were first brought to Rome for a special blessing from Pope Pius XI.

The Franciscan Missionaries of



THE FIRST BAND OF MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN 1918

Rev. Bernard F. Meyer

Rt. Rev. James E. Walsh, D. D.; Rev. Thomas F. Price; Rev. Francis X. Ford

are now a regular number in the year's program.

The names of the outgoing Sisters were given in our September issue. By the time these lines are read the group will have arrived and settled along the line in the Hawaiian Islands, in Korea, in China, and in the Philippines.

Mary represent many nationalities, and appeal to all classes of workers. They have the reputation of being able to provide clothing, shoes, food, and so forth, from their own labor. When the Holy Father saw this group before him, his eyes twinkled in recognition of the Sisters who, as

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL

His Holiness is reported to have said, "can do anything except shoe a horse."

Outgoing Priests (September)—

A LITTLE more than a month after the Maryknoll Sisters left for their respective missions eleven Maryknoll priests and two Brothers took their departure. These, our latest contribution to the field, are now tossing about on the Pacific, but we are thankful to say that their boat is not an aircraft, and that there is every prospect of a safe arrival.

Simply to cross this continent is easy for a Maryknoller; the only hardship is the cost. But after all it should be set down as an event of considerable importance.

When we first started posts on the Pacific Coast, each departure was emphasized in one way or another, and the "hero", feeling as if he were going to the war, went down the hill with lusty cheers ringing in his ears. There have been many leave-takings, and today the man who sets out on this long journey, usually his first, is likely to find that he is the only one who realizes to any extent the distance before him. Prayers and good wishes follow him, nevertheless, and his experiences are read with keen interest by those whom he leaves behind to envy him his opportunity.

Our latest to California was Fr. Fitzgerald who has settled down for a term at Los Angeles. There he found a sympathetic and appreciative congregation of Japanese who smiled a welcome while they bade a tearful *sayonara* to his predecessor, Fr. Lavery.

Grateful people these Japanese! We have found them so invariably, and no Maryknoller has worked among them without developing a real affection for them. When word reached Los Angeles of Fr. Lavery's assignment to a new post, the news brought sadness to the Japanese flock. But life is made up of changes, and Maryknollers like other missionaries are prepared for these.

VOCATION

Love wings the lover's flight and makes him speed
Across the ocean deep. He takes no heed
Of dangers lurking in the way. God's Hand
Is leading him from home to Pagan Land.
His dreams gleam bright,
His hopes beat high;
His step is light
For Love is nigh!

When life is menaced and dark grows the night,
Love fills the lover's heart with fond delight;
When sword hangs low, his martyr love grows strong,
His lips break forth in rapt, ecstatic song.

Then dreams gleam bright,
Then hopes beat high;
Then steps he light,
Death—Love is nigh!

(Sr. A. F.)

To the Eucharistic Congress—

OUR Pacific Coast representatives are Maryknollers to the bone, as those who have met them well know. We thank God that they are such, because loyalty is the finest trait in the member of any society.

One of them, Fr. Keller of San Francisco (and the Camino Real), left his beloved Golden Gate in August for the Eucharistic Congress. And would you believe it? This young priest tried at first to "beg off" on the plea of being too busy.

However, when through an offer from the American Express Company a way was opened to minimize expenses and to secure passing glimpses of an oft-desired mission field, reluctance was smiled away, and as this issue goes to press, Fr. Keller is gathering precious experiences.

At Hong Kong he expects to join Bishop Dunn and his companions, from this point continuing to Shanghai, Dairen, through Manchuria, Korea, and Japan, returning to San Francisco by Honolulu, with receptions from Maryknollers along the line. Fr. Keller carries with him very little baggage and a broad smile.

FRIENDLY WORDS

THE FIELD AFAR is a wonderful magazine. I would not think of giving it up.—*Ind.*

Since my subscription is long overdue please accept these two dollars for one year.—*Ohio.*

I hope Msgr. Byrne will continue his articles. They alone are worth the price of the magazine.—*Mass.*

Your magazine is a little wonder and your work unsurpassed. May it continue with God's grace.—*Ohio.*

I would not want to miss a word of THE FIELD AFAR. Thank you for drawing my attention to my renewal.—*N. Y.*

THE FIELD AFAR is read from cover to cover by every member of the family. We look forward impatiently to the coming of each issue.—*Wash.*

I enclose renewal subscription for THE FIELD AFAR, also a fine for my tardiness. I enjoy reading the magazine and would not be without it.—*N. Y.*

Sorry to have neglected renewing my subscription. I read every page of THE FIELD AFAR and certainly enjoy it. I do not want to miss a single copy.—*Mass.*

Sister told me to say she will never let her subscription die out as she has taken THE FIELD AFAR from the very first number. She enjoys it and reads it to the community.—*Mass.*

THE FIELD AFAR is God's vineyard, and the entertaining, instructive magazine which is its outcome makes one realize to the full the great joy of being a laborer therein.—*N. Y.*

It is a wonderful magazine, one every Catholic family should have in its home, so as to keep in mind those who have gone out to save souls. I pray every night for the missionaries and for those connected with THE FIELD AFAR.—*N. Y.*

I did not see the April and May numbers and I wonder if you will send them to me. THE FIELD AFAR is so interesting that I do not wish to miss an issue. I surely do enjoy every word!—*Florida.*

A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY
means annual or semi-annual interest of at least five per cent paid regularly to you in consideration of your gift to Maryknoll.

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST



[The Sancian Island diary which closes with this issue was begun in our Midsummer number. It has been a straight and simple story, revealing some of the difficulties that beset missionaries and that call for more than natural courage.

The writer is the actual pastor of Sancian Island. His lucid statement of conditions has brought to him the silent and powerful coöperation of contemplatives and other religious in this country and abroad, as also of many other devout souls.

We have confidence that when we hear again from Fr. Burns his message will prove the value of prayer.—Ed.]

July, 1927

FORTUNATELY many of the sick calls here are not urgent, but such is not always the case. Too frequently some one walks in and announces, "My father died last night. How about the funeral?" Then you have to investigate and see if the poor person has some slight right to Christian burial.

Such a case came in today. I went up to look around and make a few inquiries, gave the family a serious talk, and came home. I found that the woman was not a Christian at all. She was the only pagan in the village and could have died a Christian had they called me sooner, but that meant nothing to them. They sent a delegation to get a dispensation so that she might be buried from the Church. I could not recall any such dispensation.

One of the women catechists has long begged to be released, saying that conditions here distress her too much. She is the incarnation of work, and I hate to see her go, but there is no way out of it.

A Northern Campaign War Tax was imposed recently, and a representative sent down to Sancian to collect from the fishing fleet. It must have been a little steep, for the whole fleet suddenly went out to sea where there aren't any taxes. When the fleet goes, fish are scarce. The butcher kills a pig but once in ten days; the natives buy up all the chickens and eggs they can; as for vegetables and fruit—well, you can hardly ever buy any of either. Boy—open a can of beef.

August, 1927

We thought the pirates had come this morning when at three o'clock someone started hammering on the door. It turned out to be a medical case, and Bro. John turned out in turn. The doctor's son was seriously sick. He had previously been branded and was full of native medicine. The relatives had called for the native doctor at midnight but could not get him, so they came here. Bro. John gave the little one some medicine, but he was too far gone, and he died the following day.

The next call was to Taai Long Wan, whither Bro. John went in a frightfully hot sun three days; on the fourth trip he was told his medicine was not wanted. Not very encouraging, to say the least! This was Bro. John's last case, for word came from the Bishop to move the dispensary to Hoingan where a bigger, and we hope a more encouraging, field awaits him.

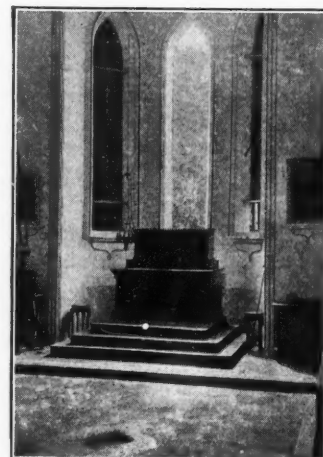
It was most depressing today, very hot and humid. I went to the Memorial Chapel to see what the rain had done since the Consecration, and returned quite done up by the short walk. Along about noon or sooner the wind turned to the north and began to blow a parching blast, that savored of the Siberian desert, over the Island. Then I noticed that the barometer had steadily,

but almost imperceptibly, begun to drop. The sun went down with a fiery, threatening glow, and the wind held in the north; the villagers began to dig their boats into the sand. No doubt about it, a good blow was working up.

Before going to bed we went over every window and door in the house and church to secure fastenings, and figured that the morning would see it all well past. But not so. We tossed through the night and arose early to find the sky overcast, and the north wind, as dry as ever, growing in strength. By ten o'clock a fitful, spitting rainfall began, and over a hundred sailing craft rounded the point, coming in before the wind with only the slightest bit of foresail spread, nevertheless making a terrific speed.

At noon we could still dodge in and out without getting very wet, enjoy the awful grandeur of an angry sea, and return the profound bows of some mighty trees nearby. By two o'clock—high tide—the sea was simply furious. The wind whipped the crests away and flung them high into the air, while heaven and earth howled defiance at each other. Our house boys peeked out and ventured to shout at us, "It's a pretty bad typhoon."

I was at the front gate, trying to catch a glimpse of two steamers anchored out in the bay, which the tossing waters obscured from sight, when

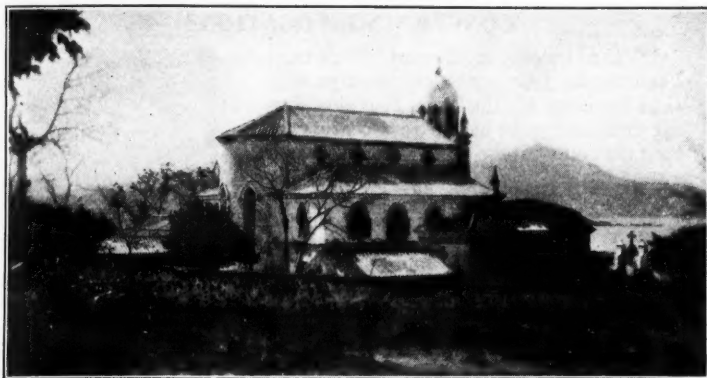


(Photo by Fr. Burns)

AFTER THE STORM

"The altar was smashed, the chapel unroofed and windowless."

"CARRY ON" UNTIL THERE SHALL BE



(Photo by Fr. Rauschenbach)
THE PARISH CHURCH AT SANCIAN ISLAND
This has stood many batteries

suddenly a strange feeling crept over me. I became frightened. It did not seem safe in the shelter of the stone gateway, so watching my chance I dodged into the house.

Fr. Farnen met me at the door. "Did you hear it?" he said. "The chapel windows are gone."

The fun was over. It was serious now. We moved the Blessed Sacrament into the sacristy, stripped the altar during a torrent of rain, and rushed out to brace each door against the awful wind. This was hardly finished when, with a mighty crash and clattering, tiles from the chapel roof were hurled down on the lower roof over our heads. Our rooms—they were being deluged! But no time for that now! The sacristy window had just blown out into the yard, and things there were whirling about in a disgraceful fashion. One corner of the dining room was still fairly dry, so we carried in vestments, sacred vessels, and linens, and covered them with a rubber sheet. But the Blessed Sacrament! We could not promise a safe, much less a fitting place for the Sacred Species, so I quickly donned a cassock, surplice, and stole, carried it into the dining room, and there consumed it.

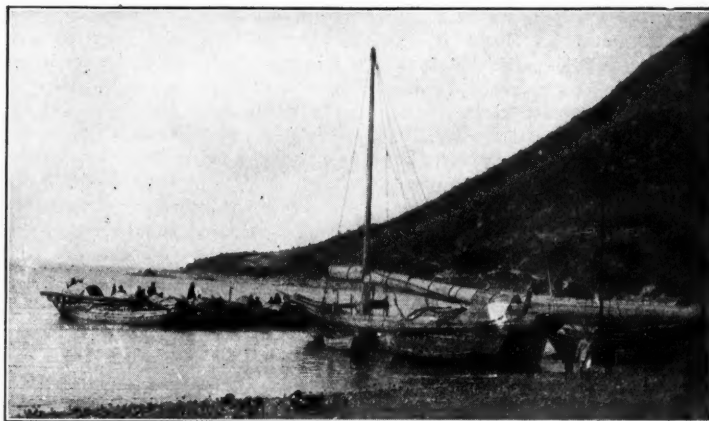
All the while the tiles were clattering down over our heads, and the rooms were running with water and covered with plaster. The roaring of the wind was most frightening; the awful power of it fairly crushed one. With fearful hearts we finally dodged upstairs to place a few things so as to save them.

but it was not safe. I seized that barometer as though it were diabolical and pushed it inside the desk. It had fallen to the bottom and was lodged there. How much more it might have dropped, I do not know; for half an hour there was a distinct and increasing depression on the ear drums before each fresh blast of the wind. Then I took the crucifix and made the Sign of the Cross against that terrible north wind, almost sobbing a prayer, "In the name of Jesus Christ, STOP." Then we went below and saw it out together. By and by the wind swung to the southeast, the torrents of rain doubled and tripled, and the danger was past. It was dark and late. We found a spot to lie down for the night.

The scene next morning was indescribable. The altar was smashed, the chapel unroofed and windowless. We carried a table over to the other side of the house and fixed it up to say Mass. Thanks be to God we were safe and sound and able to say Mass at all! As we picked our way among the ruins, it seemed as though several tons of building materials had been put through some sort of a giant crusher and turned out over the place like rain. A two-story brick structure on the other side of the house was roofless, and its walls were about six inches or more out of line at the top. The roof on one of our chapels was pretty badly shaken up, and the other was off entirely. These are just a few items. On my way over the hills I saw one village in which every house was damaged, many unroofed, and some beaten to the ground.

Down in the harbor a score or more of big sailing junks were capsized and under water. Certainly more than a hundred lives were lost off the various boats. Many bodies were washed out to sea and never seen again, while others were thrown up along the shore and left there to rot. It was just eight days before I could secure a boat for love or money, or get anyone to bury them. Every last man, woman, and child had gone salvage mad, and they were all down in the harbor with their boats, diving for goods from the wrecked vessels.

We were able to bury twelve corpses, though they were in a terrible condi-



THE SANCIAN ISLAND FISHING FLEET
"The fishing fleet suddenly set out to sea where there aren't any taxes."

BUT ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

tion by the time we got to them. This little undertaking job called for the magnificent sum of five dollars each.

But the building! Aren't we going to repair it? We certainly are, but it is going to take a pretty penny, and somehow or other there doesn't seem to be much coming this way. Perhaps we should have gone in for salvaging with the others; but since we didn't I guess the only thing to do is to go down to Pakkai and lay our plight before the Bishop. We know he hasn't much on hand either, but he can't leave us out in the cold and rain. We shall have to ask for sixteen hundred dollars which, with the one hundred from the Women's Auxiliary of Milwaukee, will see us through.

October, 1927

Two sick calls came in today, both from cases of dysentery. One was an old lady well up beyond the allotted term; the other, a young man who had taken a pill of raw opium as a sure cure. On the way over to see him, I met one of the relatives coming along the path crying, and I sensed what was up. No, he was not dead yet; he was still breathing faintly. I went into a double quick and got there just in time. There were barely a few minutes to anoint him and give him the Plenary Indulgence before he died; in fact, they moved him out of the door while I was still praying. What a grace! He had been waiting all day only to receive the Sacraments.

November, 1927

We celebrated the Feast of All Saints in the little provisional chapel for our poor people, none of whom managed to be present.

The building materials we ordered in Hong Kong finally came through; but, while we settled with the masons long ago, there is some hitch, and they cannot begin work yet. Perhaps it is just as well. We are out of actual cash, and as we haven't been able to cash a check here for several months we might be put to it to pay them.

There is only one quick way out of this difficulty, and that is to go to Hoingan and get some coins of the realm from Fr. LePrelle. I had hired the boat and was about to set out when I walked Fr. Heemskirk who is to

CONCERNING VOCATIONS

In the letters of Blessed Theophane Venard, the young missionary-martyr who shed his blood for Christ in Tongking during the latter part of the past century, is the following passage relating to vocations:

"In one sense, man has a free will. But he can scarcely be said to choose his own career; it is almost always marked out for him. If he wanders from it, nothing but confusion is the result."

"Well, I am longing to work and to find my place in the world, to spend and to be spent for my brethren. Whatever course be proposed to me, I always come back to that—to be a priest. No other career has the least attraction for me."



keep us company for the year. It may seem a little hasty to start a man off on a trip before he has been an hour in a place, but he did not need any urging. Sure! A boat ride over to Hoingan would be great! And it was. There was a rough sea, and a strong wind was running straight down the channel. Our thirty-foot craft heeled up all the way over, so much so that we had difficulty keeping our feet dry, lying crosswise on the deck. That was bad enough, but it was worse coming back, and we thought it might have been better to have sunk on the way over before we came in possession of that four hundred dollars. But we came to no harm; the old sphinx at the tiller didn't want to lose his boat any more than we did the money.

Three cheers! The work has begun in earnest, and we shall soon have a good roof over our heads. However, the roof had first to be cleared entirely for work—and then it happened. Yes, of course, a deluge broke loose, and in the morning we had four inches of water in our temporary chapel and I don't know how many above. So once again we carried the altar over into our dining room sacristy and said Mass there.

Make your will before your last illness. Hold the days that precede judgment sacred. You will need all of them for your soul, and as a consequence you will find yourself calm.

December, 1927

Now that we have finished our home-made canoe we can get to the Memorial Chapel quite conveniently. We paddled over to fix up the altar for Mass in honor of St. Francis Xavier the evening before his Feast, which we must commemorate as well as we can. Bishop Walsh had been expected down, but it was pretty late to hope that he would get here. But who are those people on that sailboat that just dropped anchor up ahead? It looks like Fr. Mueth, or isn't it Fr. LePrelle? No, it is more like the Bishop. Not so bad a guess, for it is all three of them over from Hoingan to celebrate the Feast.

The weather was ideal on the Feast Day, and the walk to the Memorial Chapel in the early morning was refreshing. It was quiet about, too, since nobody but ourselves and our catechists went over. Everything lent itself to reflection on the life and death of our Saint. We walked over in silence, said our Masses, and after thanksgiving, while the sun was rising over the quiet waters of the bay, we returned again with few words spoken. We made a pilgrimage, solemn because it was so simple.

On Sunday a score or more of Christians turned out to hear Mass and pay their respects to the Monsignor. He gave them a fervent little talk, urging the few faithful ones to take up the spirit and work of St. Francis Xavier, and by word and example to take

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

away the reproach from this fair island. God grant that it may be so!

Christmas again, and well past the anniversary of my arrival at Sancian! Many of the people, in fact I should say the greater number, are now friendly enough, and, while they have not yet got up courage to take the devil by the horns, I am hopeful. Accordingly I posted bulletins announcing the hour for confessions and for the Mass of the Nativity. I also sent special letters to each of the Elders of the villages, announcing a meeting at the mission after the Mass. The catechists, too, did their best to rouse up a little stirring of conscience, while we prayed earnestly for days, commending the matter to God.

The Feast could not but be an event on the mission, for the repairs in the main Chapel had been completed only a few days before, and we had a big

squad of workers from the adjacent village going over the whole property, so that it was in really fine shape. The interior of the chapel, too, was a treat to see. The walls, so nicely decorated for the Consecration, had not, strange to say, been discolored by the long exposure. So with a new roof and new windows, a brown glass of convex surface in the three high windows in the sanctuary, some few flowers on the altar, and a little crib on one side—well, it warmed my heart; it was beautiful. Having looked at it when there were great gaping holes in the walls, when the floors were littered with building materials, dirt and plaster—often two to four inches deep in water—it was good to see it now.

Rising early in the morning, I heard some confessions and began Mass, the first in that chapel in four months. Then I preached a sermon on the need of a Savior, and finished by announc-

ing a housewarming with all the fixings for those who were present—again, a hundred in all. Communion had reached the high mark of thirty for one day, as against hundreds in the old days. There was a goodly representation of the Elders at the meeting after Mass, but they were not very talkative, confining their remarks to strong approval of whatever was said.

But where was Fr. Heemskirk? He was over at Sai Ngau P'eng, having left Saturday before the final touches were put on the chapel. Remembering the beautiful meditation I had there last year, I was reluctant to forego it this time, but finally I agreed to let Father go. He rather opened his eyes when he walked into the chapel on his return. The Blessed Sacrament was reserved, a privilege we had not enjoyed for some time. And if I were allowed to guess, I should say he was happy to be here, for not a soul had been in to



A SCENE AT THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP WALSH
This is the moment when the Book of the Gospels is placed upon the head of the Bishop-elect

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

Mass on the other side of the island.

And the banquet! No, we must not forget that affair. The few Christians built their own outdoor fireplaces, scouted up a lot of firewood, and then the fish, and chickens, and ducks began to arrive. Besides, they had a special butchering for our benefit right on the property. It was all itemized from the knuckles to the brain. We gave Benediction at three-thirty, then sat ourselves down to the "boiled market". Fr. Heemskirk and I ate with the Elders at one table, while the others were graded according to dignity. Everybody went home happy, and Fr. John and I sat down on a bench in front of the chapel to watch the beautiful sunset. And so our second Christmas on San Juan ended.

Laus Deo!

There is no better way of backing Maryknoll than by securing new subscribers to **THE FIELD AFAR**. When you have read your copy, pass it on to a friend and tell him what you think of it.

NOTES

Homeland and Overseas

FIELD AFAR readers will be interested to know that a Catholic Book-a-Month Club has been established at 3736 Midvale Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sixth Missiology Week was fittingly observed at Louvain, Belgium, during four days in August. The subject under observation was *The Soul of Peoples to be Evangelized*; and twenty priests participated, representing ten different religious institutes.

A gift that yields an income to the donor. This is the annuity idea.

A priest, who recently saw the mission of San Juan Bautista, now in the care of Maryknoll, writes:

We were thrilled and captivated with the mission and environs. I almost envy Fr. Lavery. I hope a man with a love of early California history and

an appreciation of the past, especially of mission relics, will always be assigned there. San Juan is sixty miles or an hour and a half from here. The friars walked from Santa Clara to San Juan in one day.

Strengthen Maryknoll without weakening yourself. This is the annuity idea.

The pastor of a small parish in the New York archdiocese recently invited Maryknoll Sisters to take a collection in his church for their Mother-House. Later he wrote to the Mother Superior:

I was delighted with the success of your good Sisters. I am anxious for them to come every Sunday as I got my own biggest collection that day.

If you hear any priest say that you will hurt his collection, refer him to me, and I will stir up his grey matter.

A couple of little "White Sisters" dropped in on us some time ago. One was an American, from New Jersey at that, and her companion—she spoke French—did not reveal her nationality. They belong to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, and, with an opportunity to secure government aid for English speaking schools, they are seeking English speaking vocations in this country.

Every movement that points to the development of a native clergy will be noted with interest by lovers of the missions, and that is why there was a specially warm welcome at Maryknoll recently for a newly ordained Japanese priest, Fr. L. Toda, "just landed" from Rome.

Fr. Toda is yet under thirty, and he will be attached to the archdiocese of Tokyo.

Readers of Catholic weekly publications have remarked with no little satisfaction the items printed by the National Catholic Welfare Service. Many of these publications are now adding to their columns what is known as the *Fides Service*. This is made up of authentic and interesting new items from all sections of the mission world. If you note *Fides Service* credited at the top of a

paragraph, you may be sure of reliable and worth-while information.

With the elimination of the missionary's name we feel that we have not violated secrecy by printing the following extract from a priest's letter:

Some time ago I sent you some money, asking that you forward half of it to Fr. —, and keep the rest for fuel for the home fires. Perhaps with the summer coming on, you forgot all about the home fires, for you wrote that you would send the entire amount—nothing extravagant for either one of us—to Fr. —. So to make pertinent the text of St. Luke, I enclose another offering for yourself, and, as usual, the only string hanging to it is the request that "you don't tell nobody".

I frequently give as a penance certain prayers for the foreign missions. It helps the mission cause in several ways, among them by reminding the penitent that there are such things still in the Church as "foreign missions".

Two interesting books have come to us from India. One is a translation of the Life of St. Francis Xavier from the Italian by Rev. D. Bartoli and Rev. J. P. Maffei, S. J.; the other, "The Hand of Xavier in the Pearl Fishery Coast", is a summary of the saint's works and letters. Both books have been compiled by a native of India, a missionary, whose ancestors were baptized by St. Francis Xavier, and whose motive in publishing them is thanksgiving for the Faith

WHEN YOU FINISH
YOUR ROSARY, GO BACK TO
THE CROSS WITH AN
OUR FATHER; THREE
HAIL MARYS; ST. FRANCIS
XAVIER, PRAY FOR US' AND
THE 'GLORY BE TO THE
FATHER; OFFER THESE FOR
MARYKNOLLERS AND FOR ALL
CATHOLIC MISSIONERS.



SPREAD YOUR FAITH

brought to his country by the Apostle of the Indies. Each book, paper bound, may be obtained for \$.75; The Life of St. Francis Xavier is \$1.00, cloth bound. Orders should be sent to Rev. Francis X. Fernandes, Vicar, Assumption Church, Madras, East India.

You give—for tomorrow. You keep—for today. This is the Maryknoll annuity idea.

The Irish Jesuit Fathers are recent and welcome arrivals in Hong Kong where much work of an important character awaits them. Already they have been impressed to staff the new Regional Seminary that is to educate South China's priests. They hope to resuscitate the Hong Kong University Hostel idea. They have revived *The Rock* of happy memory, and are editing it with literary distinction, at the same time keeping out of jail, if not actually breaking even financially.

These busy men found time to preach the last three retreats for the Kongmoon Mission, where they left behind them grateful hearts and to some extent, let us hope, sprouting wings. May their own zealous work be blessed with great fruit!

In China, now at the cross-roads, training houses must be founded for laborers called to harvest souls.

Moved by this consideration, Bishop Walsh has determined to inaugurate a novitiate for Native Sisters. Already, we have secured the necessary property. Now candidates abound; they would clamor at the gates, if house or gates existed. There's the snag: the novitiate exists only on paper. Soon, please God, the walls will mount and a roof be laid. Then inevitably the question of maintenance will arise.

God calls—in China, too; but, as our people here live perilously close to the edge, anything like a dowry is impossible. Our Catholic Chinese girls wish to give themselves to God, and every mis-



(Photo from Fr. Cairns)

A NIGHT SCENE IN HONG KONG

The new Regional Seminary for South China priests will be located away from the city proper on the ocean side of the great rock

sioner's heart leaps with joy at the thought of such invaluable coadjutors in his work; but lack of money is the dragon blocking the path. Not much is required. One hundred dollars will support a novice for a year; fifteen hundred dollars will establish a burse, the interest from which will take care of an endless line. Adopt, not a slogan, but a novice.

There are good and bad among the Chinese as among Americans. One of the less good Chinese was employed for a while in a Maryknoll mission. Under temptation, he fled with some money and afterwards wrote the following to one of his friends. (He is supposed to be a past master in English.)

Since I work in the mission, I kept on very straight and never think of any benefit that is taking wrongly. I can square for this. I am a wonderful brave and honest man and never care to do things bad. Those men are as silly as a dog. And it is a pity that Father is also as silly as a cow or horse, for he cannot even find out a little truth. He do not know that I used my whole heart to treat him. He should think of my hardships, but instead he hears somebody's words and turned his face to me. It is so called that the rabbit is not dead and the dog be cooked first.

I understand that he is now regrets and wish to engage me back again. I thanked him much but this kind of morning three and night four people (meaning people who change their attitude) who do not care for others fame, how can we near him? But if he really want to back, I may generously forget the past and he must fol-

low my terms as follows:

1—Compensate all the loss and replace the fame and trust.

2—Anyone who talk bad about me in future should bring the man in front of me and must have proof before lay a sin on me.

Although I am silly, I have many good relations that will help me and if I can live a single day in the world I will never stop in making troubles.

Pastors, Superiors, Circles! From the Maryknolls-in-the-Field have come calls for second hand (or new) candlesticks, crucifixes, missals, censers, monstrances, ciboria, and chalices.

The lesser Maryknoll planets that revolve around THE FIELD AFAR are getting numerous enough to run into one another.

Here is the list at present:

Sparks—published by Maryknoll Students.
Chips—published by Maryknoll Brothers.
Sprouts—published by Maryknoll at the Catholic University.
Sunshine—published by Maryknoll at Los Altos.
Hakka Howls—published by Maryknoll Kaying Mission.
Capsules—published by Maryknoll Sisters, St. Paul's Hospital, Manila.
Clover—published by Maryknoll Sisters, St. Mary's Hall, Manila.
Steam—published by Maryknoll Preparatory College, Venard.
Bamboo Leaves—published by Maryknoll in Kwangsi.
Manchu-Knoller—published by Maryknoll in Manchuria.
Chi-Knoller—published by Maryknoll in Hong Kong.
Romanoler—published by Maryknoll in Rome.

TALK "MARYKNOLL"

A Noble Record

A RARE mission event occurred on September 21st. Fr. Henri Vacquerel of the Swatow Vicariate celebrated his golden jubilee as a missionary and his fiftieth year as pastor in the same parish. The event has a personal interest for Maryknollers, as part of his parish lies within the Maryknoll Hakka Mission.

Fr. Vacquerel has the added distinction of being the first pastor of the Chonglok prefecture, so that the Catholic history of this huge section, comprising three thousand square miles with a population of three hundred thousand souls, is almost coterminous with his missionary activities.

Fr. Vacquerel was ordained at twenty-five and sent to a peculiarly hard mission. He had the hardy courage of a Breton and was accustomed to the cliffs and fogs of his native Normandy.

Chonglok is cut off from the sea, is difficult to penetrate, and is mountainous throughout its entire length; its valleys are narrow, its ridges steep and bare, and its people poor and ignorant. In spite of the persecutions of the Franco-Chinese War, the Boxers, and the recent anti-foreign demonstrations; besides the bad reputation the region has for bandits, all of which caused much emigration and rendered difficult the evangelization of so large a territory, Fr. Vacquerel has seen his parish grow from a few families to the present number of twenty-three hundred Christians.

We are accustomed in America to see parishes grow overnight as population shifts; immigration from Europe gives the Church startling increases, and fifty years is a long period. But when the scene is China, it is a different story. War, bandits, floods, and droughts work havoc with its population, especially in Chonglok. Whole villages are wiped out or migrate; in some years the emigrants more than balance the conversions, and those who are left are the aged or young; so that a parish of two thousand souls still living means a much greater gain than at first appears. Chonglok offers perhaps the greatest natural difficulties for mission work in the Maryknoll mission, yet this veteran missionary is one of the hardest in Kwangtung.

It is a frequent cause of comment among the Chinese how well the venerable priest knows the Chonglok mountains. A sick call of a dozen miles is shortened to eight or ten by short cuts unsuspected by the natives themselves. The priest literally has revised the map of Chonglok and proved to doubting Thomases that inaccessible mountain peaks are really passable. His constant expression, "my Chonglok," betrays the hold its rugged beauty has on him.



(Photo from Fr. Gleason)
FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA
Fr. Henri Vacquerel of the Paris Foreign Missions recently celebrated a notable golden jubilee

He is curiously well known even in the smaller villages of this huge district. His snow white hair and beard would mark him anywhere, but his genuine love for the people makes a still greater impression. Strange to say, the old priest seems to pride himself on possessing a rough nature as a Breton, but others would call it a gentle simplicity and calm, clear-eyed self-control. After fifty years of mission life, he has the ardor of a Celt without the tinge of sadness sometimes found; the bouy-

ant mysticism of a Breton has kept him full of hope, and the bracing climate of the mountains with its vigorous call for exercise makes his patriarchal figure strangely young.

His half century of work still finds him active. A Chinese priest now shares his huge parish, and another section is being cared for by Maryknollers, but Fr. Vacquerel is pastor in its truest sense, knowing his scattered flock by name and working actively among them.

A recent visit to him found him exploring the inside of the chapel organ (at noon in a tropical sun). Innumerable tools and organ parts were spread out on the ground; leaky bellows were patched, and rusty wires replaced while he chatted with his guest. He had just finished building a cement convent for the native nuns, and had still on hand the enlarging of his chapel. His age did not excuse him from a stiff climb to the highest boulder of the highest peak nearby, whence could be seen fifty miles of the Maryknoll Mission and four other missions in the distant valleys.

They were giants in those days, is the spontaneous thought on leaving him, and it is a distinct advantage to the Maryknoll Mission to have so intimate a contact with a real pioneer.

Fr. Borer Visits Loting

TO a traveler visiting Hong Kong or any port city of the Orient, the post of procurator for the missions may seem to be an enviable one. The Procure must conform to its surroundings and be a haven of comfort for missionaries when they come, from time to time, to restore health of body and soul, and to purchase such supplies as cannot be secured in the Interior.

LITTLE FLOWER MISSION

From far away Kwangsi Province in South China, our Father Meyer writes: "Have you a special devotion to the Little Flower? The difficult Wuchow field is dedicated to her. At present, her aid is being sought particularly for the means and way to open a mission in Wuchow itself, 'the city of no conversions'. Will she inspire you to contribute your mite?"

The procurator, however, does not consider himself unduly favored. His sacred ambition is the direct apostolate, and, while he knows that his position is important and necessary, he is sure to have a holy envy of his confrères who go into the hinterland for souls. Occasionally an opportunity comes to him for at least a dip into actual mission life, and such a chance came not long ago to Fr. Borer, our procurator in Hong Kong, who thus chronicles his experience:

A very good occasion presented itself recently when Fr. Kennelly returned to Loting, and, as things were very quiet here and Fr. Ashness offered to look after the Procure, I took advantage of the opportunity to make a flying trip to Loting. The round trip took eight days, a day or two longer than usual because boats had been commandeered on the Loting River to enable soldiers to go to Canton. Nothing suffered at the Procure because of my absence, and some good was accomplished.

First of all, I found out at Sam Shui that an agent can pay the duty on our shipments up the river, and, consequently, that it will not be necessary for our men to come to Hong Kong when they wish to buy building materials. We have made arrangements with the customs commissioner, and these will receive their first trial tomorrow when we send another shipment of cement up to Loting.

We walked from Loting to Lin Tan. Although there is only one Catholic family there, a start has been made. The woman in charge of the little orphanage has dissipated much of the prejudice against us and has gained considerable good will. She has been pleading for a permanent mission there, and her entreaties have been granted. Bishop Walsh has agreed to the purchase of a piece of land for the future station.

Loting is all I had been told it was—a fine mission with everything but adult Christians. There is much hope for possessing the latter soon, and it rests on more than *a priori* grounds. The little orphans are attracting favorable attention, and, when they grow a bit bigger, they will speak eloquently for the Church. Two devoted Chinese women are giving them excellent attention.

I have been told by some of our priests that there are many vocations there for the native sisterhood. A start will be made next month when the first candidates will be sent to Kowloon to be trained by the Maryknoll Sisters. This impresses me as being a very important work.

I saw the two Chinese Sisters who have been loaned to us from the community in Canton. If appearances mean anything, they should be a great asset to the missions. They seem to be intelligent, strong, and not "foreignized". They dress as ordinary Chinese women—the most sensible way in these times and in this locality. Their salary is ten dollars (Cantonese) a month.

The trip over the hills gave me the impression that many new mission stations are needed. It certainly is virgin soil, even where we have obtained a little foothold. Of course, the difficulty is lack of missionaries, and, no doubt, it is the same in every mission. Each one sees his own needs and clamors loudly for attention.

As for myself, I should like nothing better than what I experienced that week. I think I had a typical mission trip. I ate Chinese chow, spent a couple of days and nights in what I was told was one of the poorest missions (Lin Tan), and I enjoyed every bit of it. I like the people very much.

Bread Cast On the Waters

MR. JAMES CHOW is a returned student who holds down the job of surveyor for the Sanning Railway. At present he is engaged in running lines for the palatial new station at Kongmoon. Being a friend of a friend of ours, he came over to the Mission this morning to do us the favor of

taking the levels for our proposed new church.

We sat in the living room and talked a bit about various things, China and America, tariff and religion—and Massachusetts Tech, his Alma Mater. Suddenly his eye lighted on our reading table. A magazine lay open, and a pictured face had caught his attention. "Why," he exclaimed, "I think that is my teacher. That looks like Miss Brown who taught me geometry in Holyoke High School."

The paper was the May FIELD AFAR, and the picture was that of Sister Mary St. John whose death at Maryknoll was just chronicled.

Mr. Chow did not know of the change from Miss Brown to Sister Mary St. John, but he readily understood, though not a Catholic, when it was explained. After he and his corps had put in two days on our difficult site, he declined our proffered remuneration. "Since you belong to the same outfit as Miss Brown," he objected, "I owe you much more than that."

It's a small world—and it's not entirely an ungrateful one.



(Photo from Bro. Michael)

BISHOP WALSH LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE FR. McSHANE MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT LOTING

The erection of this chapel is due largely to the gift of a Boston priest

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

TEN years ago this month the first group of American missionaries from Maryknoll sailed through the Golden Gate at San Francisco to their new field of labor.

Since then fifteen departures of priests and Brothers have been recorded at Maryknoll, while those of the Maryknoll Sisters have mounted to fourteen.

THERE are feasts of St. Teresa and of her Little Flower this month. Both are dear to Maryknoll. St. Teresa is patroness of our Seminary, and the Little Flower of our Colleges. (She is the patroness of our Preparatory College at Los Altos, Cal.)

Doubtless we owe to these saintly intercessors much of our recent success in enrolling candidates for the apostolate. If so, it is perhaps in answer to prayers offered by hundreds of FIELD AFAR readers who speak frequently to God for us.

THE outlook grows brighter for peace in the Orient, and our spiritually interested friends should keep up their prayers for "The Far East to Jesus". We have before called attention to the *Association of Masses and Prayers for the Conversion of*

China, Japan, and Adjacent Countries. This is a long title for any association, we admit, but the purpose is a noble one. If you will coöperate, write to the Trappist Monastery, Gethsemani, Ky.

IT was not unusual a few years ago to hear it remarked that the "subject of missions is never mentioned in our church." That day has passed, and none appreciate the change more gratefully than the priests themselves.

Today, supplied with material such as was not at hand in earlier days and with definite objects placed before them for appeal, priests have been able to note with genuine satisfaction the value of the mission idea, not only for the propagation of faith outside of their parishes, but for the edification and strengthening of the parish life itself.

THE Maryknoll scholastic year 1928-29 has opened with the largest student increase yet recorded. There were nearly thirty entrants to the Major Seminary, and more than that number to the Preparatory Colleges. At this writing we lack an exact count, but everybody is smiling—even the procurator.

One can understand why a procurator should smile where the students meet current expenses and provide a surplus. But in a mission seminary or in its preparatory schools the "contrary is just the reverse", as a good French Sulpician used to say.

TO help others to help themselves—this is the aim of Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and Sisters who go afar for souls.

Our friends will be interested to know that at the present moment there are registered as a total in our several mission districts nearly sixty young Orientals preparing for the priesthood.

Not all will persevere, but we look for a goodly number. Too, we have recently started a postu-

lancy for native Sisters of whom we shall record many within a few years.

We believe that when its importance is realized the movement to train natives as successors to apostles from the West will receive the financial support which it so well deserves.

After you? No man should rely absolutely on surviving friends to distribute what now belongs to him. They might go first.

OCCASIONALLY we learn that someone has failed to find in a Catholic bookstore one of our Maryknoll books. We are not surprised at this, but if we were running the store we would say to the customer, "We will try to procure this book for you from the publisher." However, it is quite possible that neither the salesman nor the buyer knows the name of the publisher.

And this suggests the query: "What coördinating force can bring together a complete list of Catholic publications in the English language?"

THE Society for the Propagation of the Faith is now established in many American dioceses. This Society has its headquarters in Rome and aims to contribute toward the personal support of Catholic missionaries, wherever they may be found and from whatever country they may come.

The help thus forwarded, while far from what is needed to push mission work, is most welcome. Three sections of the Maryknoll mission field are now on the list of beneficiaries, and for the past few years each of our outgoing missionaries has received towards travel expenses one hundred dollars for a priest, fifty dollars for a Brother or a Sister.

Every Catholic in this country should be a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and a dollar a year will secure this membership besides

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

providing an offering for needy missions in the homeland.

The spiritual advantages granted to members are very generous.

MISSION SUNDAY is not a long established item on the American Church calendar, but in many dioceses it is already a red-letter day, and certainly this is as it should be.

We will not lament past neglect, nor need we enter into excuses, some of which were quite reasonable for that neglect. The fact is that Catholic Americans have already opened their eyes to splendid opportunities for saving souls and to their own clear duty to cooperate in this vital work. We thank God that the *day of missions* has dawned. May it grow ever brighter and be not dimmed until the sunset that precedes the Last Judgment!

If our boys and girls get the mission spirit their faith and charity will be strengthened.

WE have often remarked that students from the Orient who have lived some years in the United States know little or nothing about the Catholic Church, and we were interested to note in a recent issue of *Fides Service* a reference to this fact.

The correspondent, writing from Hong Kong, says that these returned students who are interpreting the West to New China have accepted unquestioningly the old calumnies against the Church, which they look upon as an effete institution that did a certain amount of good in its day but is now only an interesting survival.

There are many Oriental students in this country with only a sprinkling of Catholics among them, and these few are out of touch with their compatriots.

Surely something must be done to let the future leaders of Asia know that the Catholic Church, though old, is ever young.



THE DEPARTURE OF
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

Here is a task for Catholic Clubs connected with secular universities.

IN *The Fortnightly Review* for July 1, Fr. J. J. Burke of Peoria, Illinois, pleads for a Philippine Mission Society.

There is probably no section of the world where the Church is so understaffed as in the Philippine Islands where large parishes can be found without pastors.

A special society for the Philippines should indeed be a godsend. European mission organizations, notably the priests of Mill Hill (England), the Scheut Fathers (Belgium), and the Society of the Divine Word (Holland) have contributed men and money in generous measure.

An American Society well organized, with its training house

for subjects destined to our American possessions, would come late, but let us hope not too late to keep from the Church of this generation the reproaches of generations to come.

It will yet be some years before a new society can make any appreciable change in the present lamentable conditions. In the meantime it is gratifying to note that American provinces of the religious congregations are turning their eyes to the Philippine needs.

THE decision to teach French in the new Hong Kong Seminary is a piece of practical wisdom of the first order.

The Chinese priest must know a modern language if he is to use the tools of his trade. The spiritual and ecclesiastical writings in Chinese are very meagre. Latin is rich, but the best things are either out of print or out of sight—in price. English is the language of business, but it is not the language of the business of saving souls. Fancy waiting twenty years for an English translation of Father Prat's *Theology of St. Paul*! And the prices! The new life of the Curé of Ars costs seventy cents in French and seven dollars in English. True, it is worth all that and more; but seven dollars is not parted with lightly by a Chinese priest, and as long as our translations remain few and costly the English language will have little significance for him.

French is a rich vein, and by making available the treasures contained therein a great benefit should accrue to the Chinese clergy.

THE MISSIONER'S LIBRARY

Missioners in foreign lands depend much on reading for spiritual refreshment. Many Maryknoll priests have only a single shelf of books, which they have read and re-read. Maryknoll will be grateful to book-lovers who are moved to contribute towards the purchase of books and magazines for our missionaries.

MISSIONS NEED SCHOOLS

LIGHTING CANDLES

(By Rev. A. J. Lane)

DURING one of our below-zero spells last winter, a report came to us that a man, about twenty years old, was lying in an abandoned brick kiln a mile or so from the mission.

Fr. McCormack, who was with us at the time, and Fr. Geselbracht went out with one of our boys. They found the lad in a pitiable condition, his emaciated body wrapped in some straw matting, and both feet badly frozen. He had been there more than three weeks, unable to move.

Such cases make us marvel at the resistance of the Chinese. Their lack of hygienic knowledge and their refusal to imagine the worst seem to be the very things which help them in a critical situation. A foreigner with a knowledge of the circulation of the blood, gangrene, and so forth, would have been dead from fright if not from cold.

It was not long before a hundred or more people gathered, in spite of the cold, as the *ta-pitze* ("big-noses") always attract curious attention.

Comment flew thick and fast as to why the foreigners should be concerned with this outcast, and, in the minds of the majority, the action could not be separated from the idea that there must be some advantage. This is where Yan, the Chinese boy, played his part. In a few moments he identified the *shan foos* (priests) and gave a nice sermon on Christian charity, with a well expressed

appreciation of Christ, the Exemplar.

A rickshaw man was appealed to for aid, but he made himself scarce when he saw the victim. A volunteer with a push cart was finally pressed into service, and the lad was taken to the Japanese hospital.

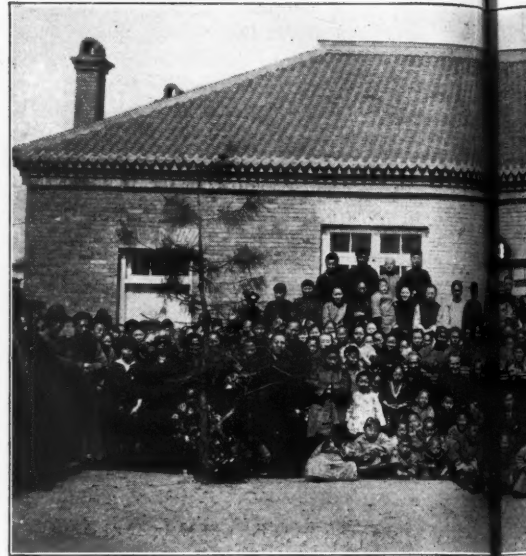
After three months at the hospital and several amputations of toes, the lad was able to come to the mission. He is now assistant gardener on our farm across the river; but, more important, he is studying the Catechism and will soon be baptized. While he was in the hospital, we visited him frequently, and it is difficult to say how many people came to know of the Church through this one affair. We have been hearing references to it from all sides, and through it we received a favor from one of the Chinese officials of the town. It was just one act of charity, but it established contacts.

Our *Kuan-Shi-Ti* (manager) had told me of a coolie, injured in the mines, who had taken to begging in the Chinese town until he dropped in his tracks. Someone had given him a little straw covering, but he could not live exposed to the bitter cold.

We had no place to put him, and it was doubtful that the hospital would accept him. That evening my mind was filled with one thought, *And a Levite also passed him by*. As I gave the blessing after night prayers, my decision was made; at nine o'clock I set out to bring in the outcast.

The first rickshaw men I approached were hard of hearing when they saw the hire, and I was setting out for home to hitch up the mules when a man better disposed offered his services, saying that such help was the least a Chinese could give, seeing that foreigners were doing so much for his fellow citizen. The man was baptized and died three days later, but many heard about the Church and what it represents.

While on our first visitation to Ch'ing-Yuan-Hsien, a new mission, my boy discovered case number three on the road outside the compound.



THE CATHOLIC FLOCK IN FUSHUN

These are some of the stalwarts and little ones of the low-missioners assisted by some native priests yet.

It was a young lad whose feet had become frozen three months before in Fushun. He had boarded a train but was put off when his condition was discovered. He had been crawling about ever since, shoes tied to his knees, his swollen feet elevated, begging during the day, and sleeping out at night.

We brought him in, placed him in the catechist's house, and sent for a Chinese doctor. It was doubtful whether or not he could be saved.



(Photo from Fr. Lane)

TWO OF FR. LANE'S PATIENTS
Both have recovered and are working on the mission farm

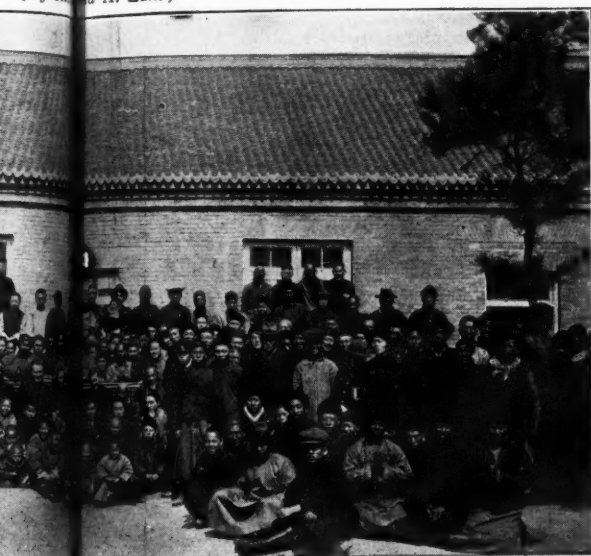
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FR. GILBERT WITH A PATIENT AND THE PATH

NDIS IN MANCHURIA

(By Rev. A. Lane)



...LIC FLOOR FUSHUN, MANCHURIA

...d little ones are under the direction of Fr. Lane and his fel-
...ative priest, yet subject to the Vicar Apostolic of Mukden

(Photo from Fr. Lane)

At nine o'clock the Christians who had gathered for prayers lighted their lanterns and made for home. I went out for a stroll in the courtyard before retiring, and, on my return, found two soldiers standing at the door of my room. Inside I found a lieutenant and an official of the town in conversation with Fr. P'an.

After the introductions, the official identified himself as Number Two of the town; Number One, the Mayor,



(Photo from Fr. Lane)

...RT WITH LAO-KAO, THE GARDENER,
...THE PATIENT WHO WAS INSANE

was in Mukden. He had left that morning, and had given orders to Number Two to look up the outcast and see that he received a shelter. The official had been searching for him, had finally traced him to the mission, and had come to thank us for our charity in the name of the Mayor. It was not a bad introduction for our work in a town in which we feared there might be some opposition, and we feel that it was the Lord's doing.

The day following the affair at Ch-ing-Yuan-Hsien, Fr. P'an and I returned to Fushun. Among the reports of what had happened in our absence, was that of the rescue of a man who had been punished by the police for stealing, and, as a result, was unable to get about. Frs. Sweeney and Geselbracht had found him lying by the

roadside in the Chinese town. They had arranged with the Chinese hospital to take him in at our expense.

Three days later a message came saying that our patient had become insane, and that we would have to remove him. A council was held, and it was decided to escort him to our farm across the river—an acre of ground on which are raised some vegetables and a bumper crop of pigs. Frs. Sweeney and Geselbracht, armed with a long sheet, set out in our mule wagon for the hospital.

The patient had been attempting to tear down the house piece by piece, but submitted to the straight jacket, and was carried bodily to the wagon. He is now quite well, although things looked bad for a while over at our little farm. The patient yelled throughout the night and spent the day pulling up the young vegetables in our garden. Lao-Kao, the gardener, was almost in despair, but he was patient. The neighbors, however, complained to the police, and we were ordered to remove the patient. This was a stickler. Slim Jim, Fr. McCormack's ex-catechist, a strategist of the old type, was deputed to placate the police.

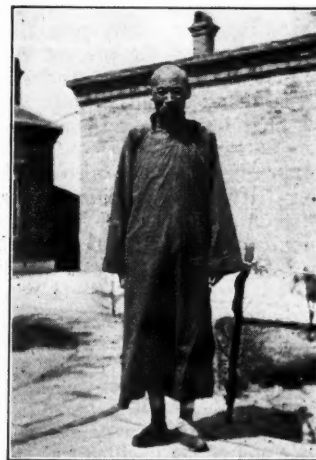
He did a good job, for the police ended up by telling him we might keep the man there as long as we liked, and thanking us for our charity to their fellow citizen. When the neighbors

found out that the "satellites" were with us, they too commended the deed; one result already is the listing of a family of six for instruction and the promise of several more in the vicinity, all of whom were led by the incident to inquire into our doctrine.

Medical work is without doubt one of the most successful means of establishing contacts with the otherwise suspicious pagans. We had an example of this last year at Fushun where we conducted a dispensary in a very modest way, but with results that were very encouraging. This year we will maintain four small dispensaries, at Fushun, Eul-pa-tan, Shing-king, and T'ung-hua respectively. There is a splendid opening for many converts in this medical work, and we have recently been offered an opportunity by a neighboring mission society to make use of their hospital and nursing school for the training of our young men and women.

Manchuria is a land of promise, not only for the poor Chinese of the overcrowded provinces inside the Great Wall; but also for the Church. We have enjoyed comparative peace, bandits are not too active, and with a tolerant attitude on the part of the officials there is hope for the future.

The responsibilities of this large mission are great; but we have confidence in the words of the Psalmist: "*Dominus dabit verbum evangelizantibus, virtute multa.*"



(Photo from Fr. Lane)

SLIM JIM—A CATECHIST

One look at a prospective convert, and it's a fight to the finish, with the odds on Jim

About Knolls in the Homeland



AT THE FRONT DOOR
Bro. Henricus receives visitors

Visitors—
NOT every mother's son who turns up at Maryknoll registers his name, but the pages of a bulky tome that was fashioned for some ambitious hotel (in Nevada perhaps) fill rapidly. One portion of the register is reserved for the laity, another for the hierarchy and clergy. They get mixed occasionally. The script is interesting from many points of view, and when the present volume is finished we may offer it to one of our friends who has an idea that he can read character from autographs.

What interests us especially is the variety of towns, cities, states, and countries from which visitors come to Maryknoll; but, after all, this is as it should be since Maryknoll is a national institute with international relations.

Are you interested in the great Chinese puzzle?

Two volumes will help you to form a just estimate of the Chinese people and of the likelihood of mission success among them.

(See special offer on back cover.)

As we write we recall some of these visitors. Just why these should run on to the page while others stay in the back of our head we do not know, but here are "unusals":

1. A French priest from India
2. A negro priest from the U. S.
3. The Very Rev. Provincial of the Assumptionist Fathers, Paris
4. A Japanese priest recently ordained in Rome
5. American priests from California, Oregon, Minnesota, Ohio, Indiana, and way stations.

He was from the Middle West and turned up one warm summer day just as dinner started—a convenient time for all concerned. His face was kindly and ruddy, and his hair, graying and thin. We were glad to see him, this fellow-priest, who, though a stranger, knew Maryknoll well.

His mission? He is a parish priest, and while watching Maryknoll grow he conceived an idea which he wished to impress upon us. This idea is that Maryknoll shall establish an EMERGENCY FUND to meet special and unforeseen needs, so that our missionaries will not have to lose every good opening for their work.

The idea is good, but at this building stage in our history we fear to multiply appeals. However, our visitor kindly left with us a gift of fifty dollars which we now enter as the nucleus of the EMERGENCY FUND. It is needless to add our hope that this idea may be passed on to other friends.

One hundred and fifty Sisters, representing thirty-five Communities, graced the Maryknoll compound one fine day last summer. That day still lingers in the memory of Maryknollers as a joyous reunion of consecrated women from different Orders and from sections of the country widely separated.

BACK CHRIST'S ARMY

New York brings Sisters from many states to its halls of learning, its museums, its docks, and we profit by their residence and by their passing to know these splendid women on whom the Church relies so much for the training of her children, and to acquaint them with Maryknoll.

It gave us much pleasure to receive recently, at Maryknoll, Mr. Kaju Nakamura of Tokyo, a member of the Japanese Parliament.

With Mr. Nakamura were several well-known Japanese residents in the United States, and a group of some twenty-five students on a tour of America.

The visit was brief, but we believe that the students left with an impression of our sympathetic interest in them and in their people. They looked upon our upturned roofs as a delicate compliment to the Orient, and they swarmed about our departure bell as if it were an old friend. One of them discovered that it had come from Sendai, his native heath. We wish we could see more of Japanese students.

Out of Doors—

HANDBALL in the open is a traditional seminary pastime, and at one period in our building operations a temporary wall gave to Maryknoll students their longed-for opportunity for this form of exercise.

With the progress of the building, however, the handball court disappeared, and then came the urge to erect a permanent one.

A visiting priest made the suggestion and gave us hope of substantial aid; but his "victim" disappeared mysteriously, and the handball court went "up in the

"See how fresh and delightful the chapters are, in contrast with the jazzed and jaded stuff that is published generally in this weary, self-indulgent old world!"

—*Catholic Vigil.*

(See the back cover.)

air", raised by student hands.

It was slow work, and funds were doled out by the Procurator; but today it is an accomplishment, even if we did have to pay for sand, cement, lumber, nails, and paint.

The Chi Rho Chalet

THE Chi Rho Chalet is a catchy title, but not half as attractive as is the chalet itself which, hidden in a bower of trees and well removed from the highway, transports our travelled visitors to Europe. This chalet looks like a bungalow as one approaches it, but from the rear it is a three story house that calls for a gasp.

For the coming year it must accommodate two or three score of Maryknoll Sisters, but when their Mother-House is finished or partly finished the Chi Rho Chalet will be used for Maryknoll Circles, to whom we are already indebted for a portion of the cost.

The Chalet (call it *shallay* without an accent on either syllable) was built on an old stone foundation. Our Auxiliary Brothers, thanks to the courtesy of labor

unions, were allowed to help the regular force. In this way these Brothers—all of whom aspire to the missions—have had a chance to learn how they do it in the home land.

OCCASIONALLY an "old" friend asks to see the relics of our first Tin Lizzie—and we must confess that they are buried under the debris.

Lizzie was succeeded by a fairly long trail of so-called "cars" and trucks, among which one car and one or two trucks came to us fresh from the factory.

We have lost count on the used cars, but there is one that looks to be worthy of its weight in feathers. This car has a loyal driver who is never ashamed of the faithful conveyance that has enabled him to visit scattered rectories and scores of schools.

Good health, reasonable talents, a virtuous life, a willingness to make sacrifices, and a strong attraction to mission life—these are clear indications of a foreign mission vocation.



AUTUMN IN OUR WOODS

THE VENARD—SCRANTON (Introducing "Steam")

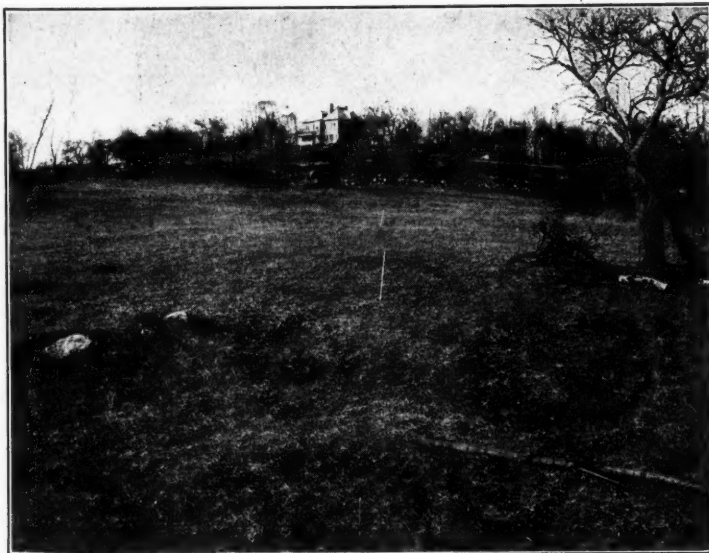
YOU were smiling the other day over the assortment of Maryknoll home publications—*Sparks* from the Center, *Sunshine* from out California way, *Sprouts* from the Washington House of Studies, and so forth. Perhaps the next editorial venture will be *Rain-in-the-Face* from somewhere in the Sahara. In any event we Venarders feel that *Steam* will be a fitting name for our contribution.

You know that *steam* is after all a feature in the bustling life down here. They tell me the Sisters use it in cooking; the radiators are full of it; the sauerkraut and the "murfies" teem with it when they reach the Venard festive board.

A Venard student was quoting St. Thomas Aquinas the other day on why Our Blessed Saviour led both the contemplative and the active life when walking upon the earth, and he stated that the most perfect kind of life is a union of the two—the active preaching the fruits of contemplation. This is the story of making *steam* to shove a big load up the spiritual heights.

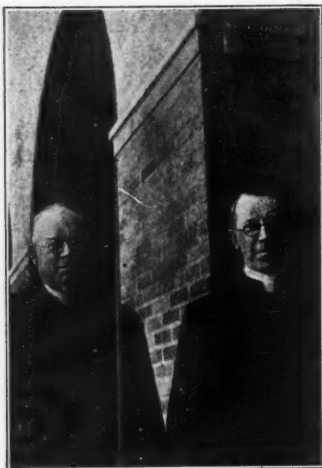
And if any further apology is needed for our *Steam*, did not the holy Cardinals in Rome call our own Bishop England of Charleston the "*Steam-bishop*?"

The fourteen missionaries you sent off to China passed through here a few weeks ago. It was wonderful. They are *steam* missionaries all right, and God speed them to make the grade! The boys here felt a clutch at the heart that made them more convinced than ever that they are going to be missionaries from tip to toe. We are sorry we did not have Bishop O'Reilly with us to interpret the missionaries, but he was in Rome. Since the departure the boys



WHERE THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS' MOTHER-HOUSE WILL STAND
It is a sightly piece of ground with a fine view of the Hudson, and it is hoped that building operations may begin there next year. Do not forget our self-sacrificing Sisters and their need of a home for their splendid organization

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER



PROMINENT GUESTS
AT THE VENARD

*Bishop O'Reilly of Scranton and
Archbishop Mooney, Apostolic
Delegate to India*

have been double-quicking it in their lessons.

May every reader of THE FIELD AFAR who sees these lines say just one prayer that our youthful apostles may never

lack either their present cheerfulness or their driving power for good!

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO

A SAN FRANCISCO bank in mid-July might seem a strange place to meet the new rector of the Catholic University, but then and there did we meet Monsignor Ryan when he was passing through the city. Monsignor Morella of the Apostolic Delegation was with him. The next day he spent some time chatting with us at the Procure.

Kathleen Norris, authoress, surprised us one Sunday at Saratoga by taking a Perpetual Membership in Maryknoll.

The piece of foil around the ten-cent cigar or the nickle bar of candy may seem not worth saving, but only a week or so ago we received a check for forty-two dollars from the Selby Smelting Company for all the foil that kind friends had gathered for us.

On the third Saturday of September a bridge was given at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco for the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos, to help defray the projected cost of two thousand dollars for a water system. We shall have our water system, as

over nine hundred ladies filled the ball-rooms of the hotel.

San Juan Bautista, one of the most attractive of California missions, passed into the charge of Maryknoll on August first. It will be used as a center for Japanese. A school and a sanitarium will eventually be erected near the mission.

At last we have our new auto. It can bounce, jump, run, make a lot of noise—do everything but talk. One gallon of gasoline will see it through twenty-five miles. Seven guesses what it is. We are happy to have it, and can now get to any part of San Francisco in eight or ten minutes. And it has already been honored by carrying as passengers Archbishop Hanna and Bishop McGinley.

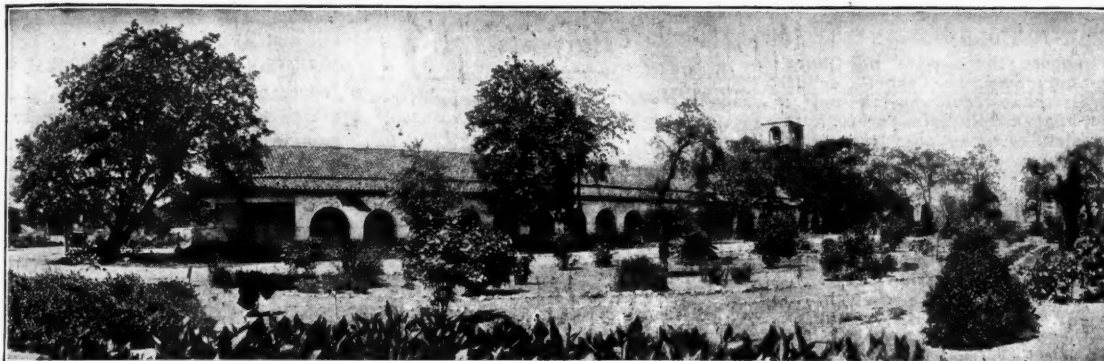
New York was represented by several visitors at the Procure recently. Among them was Bishop Dunn. Another was Mr. Britt, an attorney friend of Maryknoll in New York who, with Mrs. Britt, had the harrowing experience of a train wreck shortly after entering this state of "sunkist lemons and seedless prunes."

Bro. Louis stayed with us on his way



WHEN SCHOOL CLOSED AT THE MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE LAST JUNE
Thirty more students have been registered for 1928-29

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL



THE MISSION OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, CALIFORNIA

This mission has been placed under the direction of Maryknoll by Rt. Rev. Bishop MacGinley of Monterey-Fresno

from the Maryknoll Center to Maryknoll at San Juan Bautista. San Francisco brought back memories to him of days when, as an actor, he appeared behind the footlights at the Orpheum and the old Court. He will play a different role now at San Juan.

MARYKNOLL-IN-LOS ALTOS

LAST spring out here we sowed the seed of *special prayer for vocations*. We waited hopefully, not knowing what the Lord of the harvest would grant us in the autumn. When classes reopened, we had the happiness to provide for a good number of fine young boys. These boys are brimming with zeal and good will, and they are rapidly catching the spirit.

The silent ways of our cloister and our corridors are delicately illuminated at night after the manner of the Chinese by teak wood lanterns with amber sides. An ancient Chinese table, one hundred and fifty years old, stands mute in the main lobby. It's very presence tells a long tale of romance. The latest addition to our Oriental collection came from the famous Jesuit Retreat House at Los Altos, El Retiro, San Inigo. This kind gift is a series of Chinese gongs which have called many a retreatant to prayer and conference. We had the pleasure of entertaining the Jesuit Fathers of The Retreat at dinner on the Feast of St. Ignatius.

Friends on the surrounding hillsides gave us tons of fruit in season. Some we canned, others we jelled, but most we dried by spreading them to bask in the kiss of the famous California sun which has never been felt in any other part of the known world. Prunes, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, berries, and other gifts of God grow about us. Most of the dried fruit we shall send to the missions where it is especially appreciated.

Our plans for receiving the new boys were almost complete when our herd of cattle went dry. Patricia refused to give milk. Friends heard of Patricia's behavior, took her away, and brought us another of her kind. Patricia will be kept in pasture until she is ready to give milk again. We can turn in our cow every year as some folks do their car. The new milk factory was called Ambrosia after Ambrose, our smiling Japanese boy from Los Angeles.

These friends, you might have guessed, are ranchers. They have thousands of cattle and sheep in pasture. To give a hard-worked team of horses a restful summer vacation, they left them with us last July. We invited some seminarians from St. Patrick's, Menlo Park, to spend a few quiet vacation weeks with us, and incidentally to give the horses a hand building roads and moving tons of top soil for garden purposes. The result is pleasing. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, even though it means shovelling a lot of dirt—tons of it.

Our roof leaked so badly last winter that we are now forced to tile it. By waiting two and a half years to tile the roof we have saved twenty-five hundred dollars—a pretty figure on the credit side of any book. Tile has dropped in price, and we have saved the interest on the investment. It took

twelve days to tile our roof, and now we must return the money we borrowed to meet the bill. Heigh-ho!

A NEW-OLD MISSION

WHAT shall we say of the latest Maryknoll house? This is in some respects more interesting than any other since it stands in the compound that once echoed to the footsteps of the early Franciscan missionaries. Some photographs have come to the Center, and soon we shall have a good idea of the work that lies before Maryknoll in the development of the old mission of San Juan Bautista (St. John the Baptist).

This we already know—that while we shall have responsibility for a small Catholic flock in the neighborhood, we shall also find within a comparatively short radius hundreds of Orientals, other sheep who must hear the Voice of the Good Shepherd. Fr. Lavery is happy to know that he can practice his Japanese at the old San Juan Bautista mission.

TO SCHOOLS AND FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

Several interesting stereopticon lectures are ready, and others are being prepared on Maryknoll (the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America) and its missions.

Some films are also available.

School directors and lecture committees, if interested, may secure further information by corresponding directly with
The Maryknoll Lecture Bureau,

Maryknoll, N. Y.

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



DEAR JUNIORS:

Suppose there were no Church in your town, no Catholic school, no Sisters to teach and take care of orphans and old folks, or to nurse the sick. And suppose that all the people in your town were very poor, and that there were only a few Catholics and they were the poorest—too poor even to provide a fitting Sacramental Home for Jesus.

Now *stop supposing* and you have a picture in your mind of many a little mission village over in the Orient. All these sad conditions really exist there. And when you think of a missionary all alone in such a town, you may wonder that he does not sometimes get discouraged and "give up". *But he doesn't*—he has the best reason for carrying on. He is doing God's work.

You all know the story of the harvest field, how Our Lord told His apostles to pray to "the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His harvest." But when Our Lord asked us to do this He meant that we should follow up our prayers by helping the laborers whom He selects for the harvest. Wouldn't it be strange, Juniors, if I were to ask Him to inspire many boys and girls to go to the missions, and then gave no thought to the questions—How will they ever get there? How will they be supported afterwards?

The missionaries count on us always to stand by them, and we won't disappoint them, will we, Juniors? We may not be able to do a great deal. We cannot give every missionary all the help he needs, but *we can do our bit* for some missionary, and pray the Lord of the harvest to inspire other Juniors to join us in the blessed reaping of souls.

Yours for souls,

Father Chin

P.S. Who'll win October's banner?



HOLY CROSS ROOTERS

Harvests

The Harvest Time comes dancing

*In gold and crimson gown;
The hills gleam rose and purple;
The meadows' robes are brown.*

*The harvest sun is gilding
The sheafs of wheat and corn.
The harvest fields are shriven;
The earth all ripe is shorn.*

*Oh, gaze upon this picture
And turn your thoughts to God;*

*Behold yet greater harvests
Upon a heathen sod.*

The fields are white with harvest,

*But laborers are few.
The Master of the Vineyard
Seeks workers—maybe you.*

*List, Children of the Harvest,
All men can do their part
By praying, working, striving,
To cheer the Master's heart.*

*Lo, now before us spreading
Are Harvest Fields of God,
Where pagan souls are waiting,
Where gleaners have no tithing.*

—A JUNIOR

JUNE PICTURE CONTEST



A HOPE TO THE EAST

Title submitted by Alice Bublowski

Honorable Mention—Margaret P. Kelly, Helen Hogan, Vincent Clabby, Mary Ryan, Anna McPhee, D. John Dugan, Regina Grady, Doris Watten-dorf, Mary Diamond.

PRAY FOR MISSIONS

IN ACTION

All Hail! to the bailing squad at St. John's School, *Bellaire, Ohio*. Last year Sister Mary Virginia got her boys interested and they helped the Maryknoll missions by collecting and bailing paper. Keep up the good work, boys. How about bailing out a catechist? (We mean his support, of course.)

St. Patrick's pupils in *Janesville, Wis.*, have a gratifying record of mission activity. The last enterprise noted was a sale of garden seeds at 40 per cent commission. The seed market proved good. Maryknoll owes a vote of thanks to the Janesville Juniors and their teachers, the Sisters of Mercy.

Sister Prefect of the Infant Jesus Sodality (*St. Louis, Mo.*) is proud of her little missionaries and so are we. Five China babies were ransomed through their generous zeal last year, and even during vacation these Vis-tandine pupils worked hard to fill their mite boxes. Wait till Father Meyer gets acquainted! We wager he'll have one more catechist for his mission and the Infant Jesus Sodalists one more pointer for our prize Banner.

The "Apostle of Charity" is patron of a fine school in *Syracuse, N. Y.* The pupils have shown themselves his worthy imitators by the splendid mission spirit registered at Maryknoll. Father Chin looks for their continued co-operation, inspired by dear St. Vincent de Paul and the good Sisters of St. Joseph.

Don't forget your League report.



HE, HA, HAW, HUM



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



BOOST THE LEAGUE

The missions need more Juniors. Has your class enrolled? The class next door? Upstairs? Downstairs? Write today for Membership Forms.

LEAGUE CATECHISM

Chapter II

1. What is the best way for us to know and love the foreign missions?
Through *mission study*.
2. What are we chiefly interested in when learning about the mission cause?
The need of foreign missions; facts of mission life; aims of mission organizations; needs of mission work at home and on the field; helps and obstacles to the missionaries' success; achievements of the foreign missions in the past and in our own day.
3. Give some hints on mission study.
Use THE FIELD AFAR in connection with studies. Read mission literature. Debate on mission topics. Attend Maryknoll stereopticon lectures and movies. Display mission posters.
4. Can our daily lessons be linked up with mission study?
Yes. The combination is very helpful with Religion, spelling, reading, arithmetic, English, history, geography and civics.
5. Describe a "mission corner".
It is that popular nook in our classroom which holds our collection of mission material—our League Enrollment Certificate, a Maryknoll banner, mission book-rack, pictures of missionaries we know or whom we help, Oriental souvenirs, maps of mission districts, posters, pictures of mission patrons, program of mission activities, etc.
6. What is the Maryknoll Banner?
It is an attractive emblem awarded each month by Fr. Chin to the class taking the most active part in mission activities assigned for the month.
7. Name the two special activities for October.
Mission study and an increased interest in catechists.

WHISTLING—From Wu-Ee's Diary

TONIGHT is the end of the Lantern Feast, and the strangest thing happened to my little sister Bang-Bang and me. We got tired watching the procession and started for a walk to the river. On the hill path we saw some people and lights, so we went up. Behind the lights was a statue, and a teacher was talking to the people. First we thought it was a new shrine, but when we saw the Lady we knew she did not belong to our religion. She was very beautiful, not like the goddess in our temple. We went up very close to listen.

The teacher said something about a spiritual father in the next village whom he called *Shan Foo* (Catholic priest); he told of the Great Spirit—the One True God, as he called Him; then he talked about the Virgin Mother of God, and we knew he meant the Beautiful Lady.

When he stopped speaking, the people knelt down. I think they were talking to their One True God. After they finished, Bang-Bang and I went up and asked him about everything we had seen.

First, he said his name was John Lum, and that he went from place to place telling people of God and preparing them for the visit of the Catholic *Shan Foo* who, when they knew the doctrine, would make them Catholics. We asked him what the name

John meant. He said it is the name he received when he was made a Catholic. Bang-Bang wanted to change hers right away. She doesn't like it one bit—it sounds like the firecrackers at our grandfather's funeral. John Lum said some day maybe she could be called Maria, like the Beautiful Lady up on the hill. I don't want to change my name. I like it because it is like a bird's whistle—Wu-Ee.

John Lum said the One True God doesn't live in just one temple. He is everywhere, and is very close to us. Bang-Bang and I liked that. He said, too, that the Virgin Mother of God is everybody's mother. That was best of all. Our own mother is dead, and our *ahmah* (a Chinese nurse) is so different. We like having a mother in heaven.

Tomorrow we are going to see John Lum again so that he can tell us more. I think he is rather poor, and I asked him if he is. He said that the *Shan Foo* pays him, for he is so busy for the *Shan Foo* that he cannot do anything else, but I hear that the *Shan Foo* is poor. How can he pay John?

Besides, John told us if the *Shan Foo* could afford it, he would have ten more men like himself going about telling people of the One True God. And John said that boys and girls in America send the *Shan Foo* money with which to pay him.



Wu-Ee



CATECHIST SUPPORT PLEDGE

Dear Father Chin:

You may count on us to raise \$..... to support a catechist for month(s). We shall try to fulfill this promise at an early date.

YOUR JUNIORS,

Grade
School
Address

STUDY THE MISSIONS



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



PUZZLING QUIZ

T T T

1. ARITHMETIC

If ten Juniors can support two catechists for a month by saving ten cents each a day, how much would twenty-five Juniors each have to put aside to support one catechist?

2. GEOGRAPHY

Name the five largest cities through which Maryknoll missionaries pass in going from Maryknoll - on - Hudson through the Golden Gate to Maryknoll-in-China.

3. SPELLING

Correct all mis-spelled words in the following list: Hongkong; Phillipines; Corea; Yokahama; Honululo; Filipino; Hawaian; catechuman; pogoda; apostlelate.

4. HISTORY

a—Name one of the seven wonders of the world that is in China. b—What are the Hawaiian Islands sometimes called? c—What famous Japanese admiral was a convert to the Faith in recent times? d—Account for the fact that there are so many Spanish speaking people in the Philippines. e—Give Korea's other name and tell by what country it is ruled.

"HATS off to Columbus," you say. Why—because he discovered this great land of ours? But that was only an accident! How could he help stumbling upon a new continent when it stretched itself right across his ocean pathway?

His pathway? Then he was going somewhere. Ah, there's the point — Christopher Columbus was an explorer! Had he not found a new world, our admiration were none the less his due.

'Twas the spirit of the man that fitted him to be a miner for Providence—to unearth the "gem of the ocean".

True, Columbus did not have the grace of a mission vocation; but his qualities of mind and heart—were they not the traits of a real missionary?

More Christophers are needed today—"Christ bearers"—courageous to set out as discoverers of new worlds for the King of Kings.

CHINESE LEARN CHINESE

Character
for
Water



Old
Writing

Pronounced
Shuay



Present
Writing

The old writing represented water flowing.

Answers to the June Puzzles

1. Korean, Noe, Ark.
2. Observations in the Orient.
3. Denmark, Springfield, Poland, Philippines, Canton.

Best List: Joseph Perkins, S. Boston, Mass.

Be sure to puzzle out the Quiz. A Maryknoll Book to the winner!

Wise Juniors look after the welfare of their China babies, even though they are thousands of miles away. Genevieve and Dorothy Powers, of Portland, Oregon, are among the very wisest little godmothers in the whole U. S. A. Father Chin frequently receives a generous offering from their mite box for the support and education of the babies.

Though Nova Scotia and Manchuria lie far apart on the map, they can be drawn close together by the pupils of Lady Immaculate School at Dartmouth. The magic link is a gift of sacrifices. Father Lane in Fushun rejoices to have such good Junior friends and wishes that all his fellow missionaries could get into partnership with a company of Juniors.

RADIO FANS—ATTENTION!

Have you ever tuned in on Hong Kong or Honolulu? A Maryknoller has invented a set that will give you these connections any time you wish. It is so powerful we have christened it the "Mitey Radio". Send for one and be convinced.



A-B-C's OF THE MISSIONS



T—Little Therese

She wished to be a Missioner,
To die a Martyr's death
And so she gave our Lord her all
Until her dying breath.



And, little Queen of Missioners
In fragrant lovely showers,
In answer to the children's prayer,
Sends tons of mission flowers.



TUNE IN ON THE MISSIONS

MARIEDEL

A Story by S. M. A.



THE GLORIOUS ROCK THAT IS HONG KONG

"The lights at the water's edge were more starlike every moment. She knew how these lights made Hong Kong beautiful and she liked to watch them peer out of the shrouding darkness."



HE coolie lowered the chair—long practice had made it a graceful act—and the occupant stepped out with leisured ease.

She was a tall, slim girl, painted, powdered, and bejeweled. The long tight shaam which she wore was the most distinctive sign of her Chinese self. Her hair was artificially curled and arranged in pseudo-bob fashion, and it gave the wearer an individuality that was pleasantly arresting.

Lightly she tripped up the steps of the porticoed building that was now a school. She should have sought the students' entrance in the rear and not used the wide stone steps leading to the main entrance, but her hands were full of flowers—gardenias, delphinium, freesias, and sweet peas—and she knew where Sister arranged the vases for the classrooms, on the side veranda off the English room. So she placed her bouquet on the wide stone balustrade and slipped through the English room's open windows toward the rear veranda where all the school girls congregated. But before she reached the outer door Elia, the Sisters' servant, intercepted her, and with beaming countenance showed her a letter she had just received. It was from Yeungkong, her native place, and would bring her news of her oldest daughter still living there. Elia could not read. That was why she had intercepted Mariedel Chang. Mariedel was always kind to her and ever ready to translate her few letters.

Mariedel stood a while in the hall-

way, deciphering the characters. Then she looked up. How could she tell the loving mother the heartbreaking appeal of that letter! Here was a child begging her mother to come and rescue her. They were standing before a large colored picture of Our Lady of Lourdes. It seemed to Mariedel that the beautiful Lady of the Rock wanted her to help the peasant at her feet, and told her what to say.

"Elia, this letter is from your little girl."

"Yes, and is she well?"

"She is not with Ah Lan any more."

"Not with Ah Lan?" and the mother's face grew worried. "Where else can she be?"

"She has run away to the mountains and is hiding with some Christians. She says she could not stand it at Ah Lan's any more. She could not face being married to Ah Chan, and they were preparing for the wedding."

"But Ah Chan will kill her if he finds her," said Elia, in terrified distress.

"That's just what the child fears, Elia—but don't worry. I'll take care of it for you. There's the bell for class. I can't stay talking any longer, but at recess time I'll tell you what we'll do". And the generous-hearted girl took her place in rank as composed as if nothing had happened that morning.

Somehow, Mariedel was different from the other girls. They all liked her, but she was different. Perhaps it was because she had travelled exten-

sively. She had been born in Paris, had lived for a while in Japan, and she was constantly making trips to Shanghai, Canton, and Macao. Her father was a great shipowner, and his business took him often abroad. Her mother had died in Paris not long after she was born, but she had a second mother, and even a third and fourth, as is the custom in China. She loved her second mother, but she respectfully tolerated the others. Fortunately she did not have to live with them. Their homes were in Canton and Macao. Only the second, with her two sons, lived with Mariedel.

How had she come by her English name? The Chinese girl knew the little story quite well; she had told it each time she had changed schools, and that had been eight or nine times. She was born at a Catholic hospital in Paris, and the date of her birth was February 11th. Her mother had been very ill, and the good French Sisters had spent themselves unsparingly for this gentle little pagan woman, the only one of her race under their care. How they had prayed for her—prayed that if she must die they might baptize her! They were zealous foreign missionaries, those sturdy Sisters of St. Paul, and it was not often they had the chance to minister to a dying pagan. When the baby came, at the end of a very fervent novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, what other name could they give her but the sweet name of Marie de Lourdes? It was a long name for the mother to say, but she smiled gratefully when they wrote it on the back of a holy

picture, and she listened eagerly to the beautiful story of Bernadette and the Lady. Mariedel still had that picture. Somehow her father had kept it sacredly and had given it to her when first she went to an English school, so that the mistresses might not give her another English name. It was a Protestant school in Shanghai, and the name meant nothing to the mission teachers; but they thought it entirely too long for the five-year-old child and shortened it to Mariedel.

When Mariedel came to Holy Spirit School, the first thing in the place to attract her was that large colored picture in the front hallway. It was like the card she had framed on her dressing table at home, which had always been a mystery to her. It was something religious, she knew—something Christian; but the Protestant missionaries had discountenanced it. She could not understand their prejudice, but she would not change her affection for that holy card. It seemed to speak of her mother, her pretty little mother whom she had never known, yet whose face was so winsome and bright. Now at last she dared to ask about it again, and she learned the story it had wanted to tell her so long.

The Sisters saw her card and asked if she had ever been baptized. She shook her head. She had never followed the Christian religion. Her father was a tolerant Chinese gentleman, but still true to the customs and traditions of his people. He had promised her, however, that he would not arrange a marriage for her without first consulting her and obtaining her consent. This meant much to Mariedel, for in her frequent intercourse with both Chinese and foreigners, the unhappy, restricted lives of so many young Chinese wives, as compared with the esteemed and happy lot of Christian wives, appalled her. Often as she sat at her open window high on her terrace, porched home, looking out over Hong Kong's placid harbor, its interesting peninsulas, and deep bays, she wondered whom she would ever meet to love and trust as foreign girls do. She was Chinese and proud of her race. She would marry a Chinese man—but; oh, there were so many dark shadows in that fearful "but".

She was very happy at Holy Spirit

School and sorry each time she had to miss class. She took a keen interest in the religious instruction and earnestly applied herself to the study of the texts used in class.

The first two periods were over. It was recess time. All the girls went out to the playground to walk about



(Photo from Fr. Borer)
ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL
IN HONG KONG

or play games. Mariedel sought out Elia at her candy stand and drew her aside.

"What is the name of the *Shan Foo* (Catholic priest) at Yeungkong?"

Elia told her, and she made note of it. "How much did it cost you to come up to Hong Kong from Yeungkong? Do you remember?"

Yes, Elia remembered exactly.

"And how much money do you think Ah Lan would want if we tried to buy back Ah Nui?"

"Oh, but Mariedel, you don't mean to do all that? Do you? I sold her when she was but a baby for two dollars. She is now fifteen years and a big, strong girl. She is worth much, very much. They would not give her up for little money, and if the American priest tries to buy her back they will ask, oh, so much! Oh, dear Mariedel, I thank you, but that is too much. I cannot think of your doing so much." And Elia wiped her brimful eyes with the corner of her short apron.

"Why, Elia, I need another little maid servant. I will buy Ah Nui and keep her with me. You need not fear that I will treat her as a slave girl, rather as your little girl who works for me. I'll telegraph the money to *Shan Foo* this afternoon and arrange to have her sent up to Hong Kong. I'll ask the *Shan Foo* to telegraph when she's coming, and you, and Anap, and Maleia will go down to meet her. Won't that be fine?" And Mariedel took Elia's hand in both hers with an affectionate squeeze and ran away. Yes, she was very different from most Chinese girls.

Elia returned to the school building and stood before Our Lady's picture. She felt sure the Blessed Mother of Lourdes, the Patron of her Yeungkong church, had obtained this miracle for her. Ah Nui was her oldest child; she had sold her as a future bride to a pagan home long before her own conversion from paganism. Her other two little girls had been baptized with her, but Ah Nui could not share their joy and spiritual inheritance. Ah Nui saw her mother and little sisters only at long intervals, for her pagan home was in a hillside village outside the walls of the city. Each time she was permitted to visit her mother, she went with her to the *T'in Chue T'ong* (Catholic Church) and tried to say the prayers. She could bless herself and say the Hail Mary quite like a Catholic, and she made the most of these, her two spiritual weapons, whenever she could discreetly do so. Her childhood was not unbearable, but as soon as she was able to work in the fields and balance a bamboo pole across her shoulder her days were very laborious. Still she was not unhappy. Her lot was no worse than that of so many others. After the last New Year, however, she noticed a difference. Ah Chan had taken more notice of her in a way that frightened her, and she began to hate him. Little by little she came to realize that the contract made when she was a baby was to be consummated, and a strange terror took hold of her. She could not be Ah Chan's wife; she would not; she would run away and flee to her mother.

But that was easier said than done. Her mother was no longer in Yeungkong.

kong. The Sisters had taken her with them when they had to leave the mission, and she was far away in Hong Kong. Ah Nui would appeal to *Shan Foo*. He would help her.

So it happened that in the dead of night she had stolen away and sought out a Christian catechist. He had sent the letter to her mother, and she was staying with him in fearful hiding, praying to the dear Blessed Mother to save her from her threatened fate. Her prayer was heard.

It was mid-August. Mariedel was sitting at her window. It was dusk, and the lights at the water's edge were more starlike every moment. She could not see the myriad lights on the Hong Kong side, making the mountain look, as one missionary said, like an altar with innumerable tapers prepared for Benediction, but she knew how these lights made Hong Kong beautiful and she liked to watch them peer out of the shrouding darkness.

She was alone and wondered where Ah Nui could be. She had sent her to mail a letter more than an hour before, and the mail box was only a block away. She called the other servants and asked about Ah Nui, but no one knew anything of her. She sent to the school to see if she was with Elia, and her messenger came back with Elia, worried as herself. Would she be at the Cathedral? But she would not stop there so late in the evening. Could someone have waylaid Ah Nui on the street and carried her off? Elia's heart stood still. Ah Nui had told her how on several occasions she had noticed a man coming upon her rather unexpectedly and as suddenly disappearing. It was almost at evening, and she could not distinguish who it might be, but her worse fears told her it might be Ah Chan from Yeungkong.

Just then an automobile pulled up at Mariedel's home and a young man, alighting, ran quickly up the steps. Before he could ring the bell the door was opened, and he faced many anxious women in the hallway. He produced a letter which Mariedel took at once.

"Why this is my letter that I gave Ah Nui to mail! Where is the child? How did you get this?" and Mariedel waited with baited breath for the man to speak.

"This letter with the return address brought me here. The little girl met with an accident and is at the Hospital. I took her there."

Mariedel led the way with Elia into the large reception room. The three sat down to hear the young man's story.

He had been driving home from the University, (he was a Chinese physician on the teaching staff there) when a young girl whom he had noticed running wildly as if pursued made a sudden dash across the road, right into his car. The girl had been thrown under the wheels and badly hurt. He had extricated her and found her bleeding and panic-stricken, but not unconscious. She had whispered, "Has he gone?" and then, "Take me home", as she held out the crumpled letter. He had seen her safely attended to in the hospital and had come right to the house. He then presented his card and told Mariedel that he had often met her father and had been invited to call at their home, but had not expected that their first meeting would be on so sad an occasion. Then he related a touching story.

It seems that as soon as the child's wounds had been dressed and she had been made comfortable for the night, she had asked the Sisters if there was any danger of her dying. The sisters told her that the doctor had full hopes of her recovery, but that if anything was worrying her she should tell them.

"What vivid accounts of Chinese life, of suffering pagan China, are found in these letters!"—*Dominicana*. (See the back cover.)

Then she said that she was a catechumen and did not want to die without baptism. She asked them to baptize her in case she grew worse, to call her Bernadette, and to let her mistress know of it. They were to send this message: "I am going to Our Lady of Lourdes and shall never rest until she obtains the gift of Faith for you".

The Doctor spoke so simply and used these Catholic terms so naturally that Mariedel asked him, "Are you a Catholic?" and he frankly told her, "Yes, I was converted in my Senior Year at X— College, but I am the first of my family to become Christian. I hope to bring many others into the Faith."

As the young man rose to leave, he asked if he might call again. Elia went back to the school, and Mariedel returned to her room. The moon was just rising across the bay. At the open window this young girl slipped down on her knees, and in her hands was her beloved holy card.

"Dear Lady of Lourdes, you saved my life long years ago in Paris. Please save Ah Nui's life now—and, dear beautiful Virgin Lady, if I must marry, let it be somebody like the doctor." And she smiled at the sudden turn of her foolish prayer.

THE CATECHIST PROBLEM

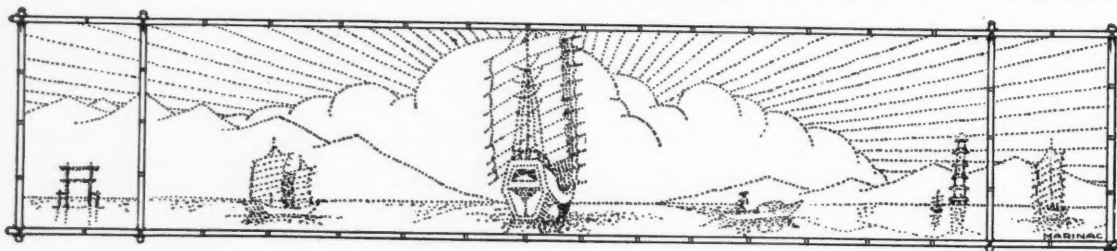
How to engage more native catechists when the bill for those already employed leaves the mission funds at lowest ebb? And yet, in new fields, where the native clergy are not organized, the foreign missionary can accomplish little without the aid of catechists. The five Maryknoll Missions in the Orient are all new fields and each could well use one hundred native catechists.

Has your city or State a Maryknoll representative in the Orient? There is no better way to help him out than to send him the sum necessary for the salary of a native catechist. In the Maryknoll Missions of China, the wages are fifteen dollars a month. In Korea, where living expenses are higher, a salary of twenty dollars a month is required.



SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

TUNING IN ON OUR MISSION STATIONS ALONG THE LINE



SOUTH CHINA

Sun Chong

(Fr. Cairns)

TODAY the "Sandy" pastor returned from Sunning, city of prosperous people, beautiful buildings, sanitary streets and splendid schools. In the heart of the business district, the Catholic mission owns a parcel of land. Though it is too small for a mission, yet it was a gift to the Catholic Church some thirty years ago. Now a son of the donor is building upon the property deeded to the mission by his dad, so "Sandy" must *hie tae* Canton to see if the Consul can help us "save the surface—and save all".

On Thursday the wedding of Leonard Chan, the only Catholic in his village, and Miss Wong, at Shek Lung Tau, was an event in this large settlement, for it was probably the first visit of a white man to the place. Leonard was baptized at the College of the Brothers of Mary in Honolulu and he certainly has the Faith. Fong Shek Mooi, our head catechist, was witness, and Sister Leung instructed the bride before the ceremony. It took courage, as Leonard is the only Christian in the largest village we have yet seen in China—a village of five hundred brick dwellings, housing possibly two thousand people. It was an event in the town where, we understand, a white man had never before entered. The catechist, the native Sister, and the pastor who accompanied the bridegroom, all partook of the wedding banquet.

Kochow

(Fr. Paschang)

THE gentlemen catechists of Kochow, Tungchen and Fachow assembled here for a short course of

training and review of doctrine. We covered the first term of a three-term course outlined by Bishop Walsh. I gave a daily talk in Apologetics; Epiphane Yip spoke on false religions and superstitions, and each catechist in turn gave a talk on Old Testament and Bible History, and a sermon on an assigned subject. The men were very earnest in their work and nearly all their sermons were very good. One or two, however, were afflicted by the same feeling that overwhelms some seminarians when they arise to deliver a practice sermon before their learned and critical brethren. The Kochow catechist-women also attended all talks, and did much praying between times.

The course was to last twenty days, but, on the morning of the nineteenth day a smouldering war scare broke out in wild and multitudinous rumors. Before breakfast the three High Schools were deserted by their students, and as there was no chance of calming the catechists, we sent them on their worried way.

Yeungkong

I BEGAN a novena in preparation for the Feast of the Little Flower. To conduct such a novena in Chinese was not an easy task. I find our Christian

concepts of higher spiritual life difficult to express in this thoroughly pagan language. Furthermore, Chinese tastes differ in some respects from traditional Christian ones, and I fear that many a beautiful point in the life of the Little Flower was not sufficiently appreciated. It was much like expatiating on the merits of a painting to a blind person. Still God's grace flowed during the novena, and I believe the people reaped some benefit from my efforts.

When the novena ended on Little Saint Teresa's Feast, I gave a longer talk than usual at Mass, and everybody seemed radiant. Nearly everyone enrolled in the Legion. Several women hesitated before joining, pleading that they feared they would not be able to refrain from quarrelling now and then and talking about their neighbors. I explained the question to their satisfaction readily enough. However, I could not help but be very much pleased by their sincerity and serious attitude, both of which surprised me.

Saint Teresa showed her appreciation by scouting up four foundlings instead of the usual one. Here we sometimes have none for several days. We baptized all four of them Teresa.

TO LINK CATHOLIC AMERICA TO CATHOLIC MEDICAL
MISSIONS AND THEREBY TO PROMOTE THE
APOSTOLATE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS

The Catholic Medical Mission Board would remind all its friends and others that October 18th is the feast of St. Luke, a physician and the patron of Medical Missions.

It asks that spiritual works for that day be offered for the cause of Medical Missions, that Mass be heard, and, if possible, Holy Communion received, and that where the opportunity presents itself, a small offering of some kind be made to help missions with medicine and other supplies.

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT

Sak Tsen*(Fr. Murphy)*

THE last time I wrote to you, I was about to start out with Fr. Malone on my first mission trip. It turned out to be a short one, for me. At the end of the first week, one of us had developed such an appetite that there was no money left to buy food for two, so Fr. Malone, placing the blame on me, thought it would be better for me to go home, which the cook and I proceeded to do in a roundabout way.

We had spent a week at the next mission to our own Dhun Chak. It is twenty-five miles from Sak Tsen and has about the same number of Christians. Fr. Malone and the catechist gave a mission, and, at the end of the week, most of those who live near by—about thirty in all—went to confession and received Holy Communion. Fr. Malone baptized an old lady, and I baptized two babies. On the way home the cook and I stopped to call on Frs. Hilbert and Gallagher at Siou Loc. We found them both well. Their Christmas packages were just beginning to come in. We spent a day with them, recuperating from our long walk.

Chemping-Siou-Loc*(Fr. Gallagher)*

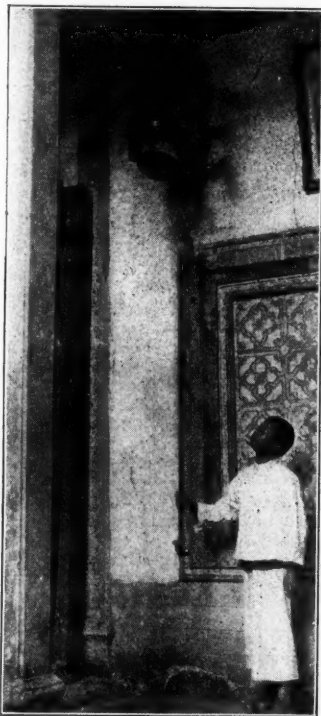
THIS little village is up every morning now at five o'clock, and the church is crowded at half-past five. As we have two altars, Fr. Hilbert and I say Mass at the same time. At seven o'clock my first Latin student comes to my room; he stays for twenty minutes, and is followed by four others. These lads can read Latin but somewhat slowly, so I correct their pronunciation for half of the time, and give them a little vocabulary to be recited and to keep them interested the remaining ten minutes. Fr. Hilbert has three others. They are good boys and are doing well with the Latin, but only three, I believe, will go to Kaying in the fall.

Chong Pu*(Fr. Driscoll)*

I AM wondering if Job ever tried to teach singing to fifty Chinese boys, real live boys at that, chockful of playful mischievousness. This is my latest task here at Chong Pu. For fifty minutes this afternoon I stood before

these Oriental skippies and did my best to get them to sing the scale. My mother used to tell me I had no patience whatever; I am sure she could not accuse me of that now.

Last week we opened our school with fifty boys in attendance. Many more want to come, but, with the present building, it is impossible to accommodate them. There is nothing to do but turn them away. On our payroll we

*(Photo from Fr. O'Brien)***THE SEMINARY REGULATOR
AT KAYING**

"The boys take their responsibilities remarkably well. You could not find better sacristans, regulators and lectors than these."

have three who draw the salary of teachers; one, of course, is the catechist who teaches doctrine to the boys. In addition to these three, I am thrown in for good measure.

Our mission here has been helped considerably by two Chinese virgins. They are daily communicants, and there seems to be a different atmosphere around the place since their arrival. Our poor Christians never had a resident priest and most of them are igno-

rant of the fundamentals of our religion. Especially is this true of the women and girls. With the virgins here, it will be different. During the day the women and most of the little girls work in the fields; that means the virgins must conduct their classes after supper. As late as ten o'clock at night we can hear them studying the doctrine.

Language study takes the greater part of my day. Fr. Ford remarked to us one day that a new priest has two obligations for the first year: to save his own soul and to study the language. It is up to the pastor to look after the mission. I have been plugging away at the language, but, when the people get talking at me, the best I can do is wonder what it is all about.

Kaying*(Fr. O'Brien)*

EVERYTHING is going along well here at the Seminary. The building is still under construction.

The boys are a lively lot, and, for their ages, twelve, fourteen, and eighteen years, they take their responsibilities remarkably well. You could not find better sacristans, regulators, and lectors than these. The younger ones play marbles, but they also like fishing and gardening, while some are now quite at home with the ball and glove.

I am teaching our senior student Latin and French. The entire group are bright and active, and it is a pleasure to be with them.

Frs. Ford and Downs are now on their return trip from Bishop O'Shea's consecration; we expect them in soon with a great deal to tell us.

**CLIPPINGS FROM
FIDES SERVICE****(A few of many interesting items)**

A correspondent in China expresses doubt as to who is responsible for opium growing in that country.

Protestant missions call for yearly offerings that average fifty-five million dollars. More than two-thirds of this amount goes from the United States.

A Community of Sisters from Holland (Servants of the Holy Spirit) are building in the Province of Shantung, China, a leper hospital to accommodate two hundred patients.

PRAY FOR MISSIONERS

Circle Interest

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

OCTOBER brings harvest time, and we think of the fields in pagan lands "white for the harvest" and yet in many sections untouched by the hand of a reaper. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His harvest." Every Circler by such a prayer can further share in the work of harvesting souls in the fields afar.

Harvest fields suggest another opportunity. Laborers must be sustained, and our seventy-four missionaries with but one or two exceptions are looking for *sponsors* to support them. If the idea of providing personal support for one priestly toiler in the harvest field should appeal to your Circle, ask the Circle Director for the name of a missionary.

Often a Circle member or other benefactor closes a letter to us with the request for "an occasional prayer". This makes us ask ourselves if friends know that Maryknollers pray twice each day for benefactors, and that the entire spiritual fruit of every Friday, including the Masses said by our one hundred and sixteen priests, is offered solely for benefactors. In addition we are always ready to have special prayers offered at the request of friends for special intentions.

"The simple heroism of the missionaries, cut off from almost every amenity of civilization, affords a thrill such as we used to get from Wild West stories."—Michigan Catholic.

(See the back cover.)

Fr. Ford, Superior of the Maryknoll Mission in Kaying, China, wrote to thank St. Caroline Circle and other friends for welcome supplies—knives, forks and towels.

As we are opening two new missions soon, the knives and forks will come in very handy, and this might suggest to some generous friends still further household needs as both these missions are simply bare houses and chapels.

The closing paragraph of Fr. Ford's letter may interest Tabernacle Societies as they plan for next year's work:

In all our eight missions we have barely enough vestments for Mass, and when a priest goes off on a trip he is obliged to disrobe the altar completely. In four of the missions we have no copes or benediction veils or monstrances, so that the Christians cannot enjoy Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In four of the missions, also, there are no Stations of the Cross, and there is a big dearth of crucifixes large enough to put on the walls.

We do not want newly bought materials, and what is sent need not be expensive; but perhaps some of the Circlers could ask pastors for old vestments and monstrances. The least we can give the Lord are the essentials of sacred worship.

Pennsylvania furnished the one new Circle to join the ranks during the past month. A group of earnest workers in Old Forge have banded together to work for souls, and have chosen St. Lawrence as their patron.

In a recent issue we announced our first Cuban Circle, and we now introduce it to Circle-land. St. Rita is patroness of these far-away friends who have made us feel that we may yet "circle the globe for souls."

A zealous group of Circlers in Archbald, Pa., work for the missions under the patronage of Little Nellie of Holy God. They are thoughtful of our missionaries, and their gifts receive a glad welcome abroad.

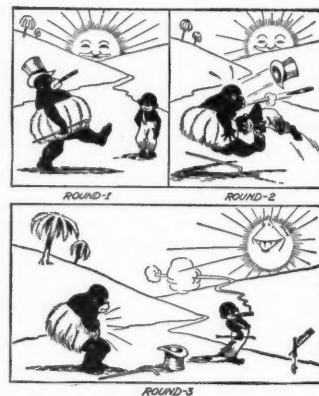
One of our missionaries is assured of a "right hand man" for many months. Ave Maria Circle of Newton Center, Mass., has recently sent a generous check for *catechist support*.

This is the season when folks gather indoors, and busy fingers can accomplish much during long fall evenings. The Circle linen closet was fairly well stocked until outgoing missionaries began to pack their trunks. Now we are in the Mother Hubbard class—and we sighed when a request came recently

from the missions for sheets, towels, table cloths, and bandages; all kinds of chapel equipment, altar linen, and vestments; kitchen utensils, knives and forks, and dishes.

If our sewing members will keep the first few items in mind, and Tabernacle Societies the chapel needs, we are hopeful that some stray showers may rain pots and pans our way.

PICK-UPS



IF there is a Diocesan Mission Aid Society where you reside, the director naturally will be encouraged to receive and forward your offerings to us.

Notable receipts for the past month were:

An annuity for one thousand dollars, a mission gift of five hundred dollars, a Sacred Heart Seminary of Detroit Burse offering of five hundred dollars, and a Native Clergy Burse offering of two hundred dollars.

Nine wills matured, totalling twenty-one hundred dollars.

Those who give one hundred dollars or more towards the erection of the new Maryknoll Seminary may themselves be enrolled, or may enroll a relative or friend, living or dead, as a Perpetual Associate Member in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

This privilege can be secured on request, and our patrons are encouraged to make it.

What is the truth about China? Go and see for yourself, via the pages of MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS.

(See special offer on back cover.)

WHATEVER YOU GIVE

Busy bees these. Sisters on the Missions are writing back for fountain pens. And Maryknoll students are looking for bargains in typewriters.

Before the end of the scholastic year 1927-28, the Seminary Academia at Brighton added the generous sum of three hundred dollars to its Bursae which is now at the head of our list. The bursae is registered as the St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston Bursae.

The time to make a will is while a person is in good health and of a sound mind.

An unusually thoughtful gift of the month was the sum of fifty dollars to be applied to our Hong Kong Procure. We do not recall others for the same object. For some reason, probably because the place of a Procure for missions is not understood, we have had to buy, furnish, and sustain our Procure out of stringless offerings.

Yet without our Procure at Hong Kong, missionaries new and old would be at their wit's end to know where to stay and through whom to transact business.

"I wish that I could give to Maryknoll a respectable amount," the visitor said. And he continued, "I have the amount on hand, but unfortunately my sources of income are limited and I need the interest on what I have. Can you make a suggestion?"

Naturally we explained the annuity idea and now the visitor receives an interest higher than that given by the banks, while the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is stronger because the principal is in its keeping.

Many years may pass before the interest can be applied to purposes of our Society, but eventually this will be done—and our benefactor is happy in the thought that no interest will interfere with his desire to help Maryknoll.

BUILDING OUR BURSES

A bursae is a sum of money invested so as to draw a yearly interest which will be applied to the board, housing, and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges.

The usual amount subscribed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for a bursae in this country; fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) for a native student bursae in Eastern Asia.

FOR SEMINARY—\$5,000 EACH

St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston Bursae.....	\$4,997.00
St. Philomena Bursae (Reserved).....	14,800.00
College of St. Elizabeth Bursae.....	4,635.00
St. Michael Bursae, No. 2.....	14,202.71
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursae.....	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Bursae No. 1.....	14,000.00
College of Mt. St. Vincent's Bursae.....	4,000.00
St. Anthony Bursae.....	3,950.13
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursae.....	3,731.71
Curé of Ars Bursae.....	13,652.35
St. Anne Bursae.....	3,635.83
Fr. Chapon Bursae.....	3,351.34
St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Bursae.....	3,259.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursae.....	3,200.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Bursae.....	3,176.94
N.M. Bursae.....	3,000.00
St. Teresa of the Child Jesus Bursae.....	3,000.00
Bishop Molloy Bursae.....	2,851.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursae.....	2,821.12
Holy Child Jesus Bursae.....	2,636.85
Marywood College Bursae.....	2,275.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursae.....	2,176.89
Archbishop Ireland Bursae.....	2,101.00
Mother Seton Bursae.....	2,015.73
Pius X Bursae.....	1,846.30
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursae.....	1,834.75
St. Dominic Bursae.....	1,809.67
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursae.....	1,612.06
Duluth Diocese Bursae.....	1,411.70
Fr. Nummy Bursae of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill.....	1,402.55
Immaculate Conception Patron of America Bursae.....	1,353.73
St. Agnes Bursae.....	1,288.18
St. Michael Bursae.....	1,132.50
St. John Baptist Bursae.....	1,068.11
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Bursae.....	1,051.00
Manchester Diocese Bursae.....	1,000.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursae.....	996.53
Susan Emery Memorial Bursae.....	995.24
St. Boniface Bursae.....	908.65
St. Francis Xavier Bursae.....	780.28
St. Rita Bursae.....	764.65
St. Lawrence Bursae.....	646.25
Children of Mary Bursae.....	604.05
Holy Family Bursae.....	553.25
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The Holy Name Bursae.....	463.65
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St. Louis Archdiocese Bursae.....	430.00
St. Jude Bursae.....	371.25
C.C.W. Bursae of the Five Wounds.....	300.00
St. Joseph Bursae No. 2.....	270.00
St. John B. de la Salle Bursae.....	269.00
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SS. Peter and Paul Bursae.....	150.00

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Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursae (Reserved).....	\$4,350.00
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"C" Bursae II.....	1,550.00
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Immaculate Conception Bursae.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Bursae.....	112.00
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Bursae.....	100.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

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Living: Rev. Friend, 1; G. P. D. and relatives; M. C. McG.; S. G.; D. R.; M. C.; Mrs. J. C. T.; E. I. W.; A. V. M.; A. M. C.; E. F. B.; B. M. D.; A. F. H. and relatives; E. T. C.; M. C. M.; V. B. B.; C. W. G.; M. H. and relatives; M. A. B. and relatives; H. C. and relatives; R. L. and relatives; S. L. and relatives; J. H.; E. M. R.; J. P. H.; E. M.; I. L. S.; H. D. G.; C. H. F.; J. J. and E. P. C.; C. E. M.; F. C.; A. C. TeP.; C. C. K.; S. N.; M. L. D. and relatives; M. E. H.; S. E. C. and J. B.; E. C. P. and relatives; M. O'S. and relatives; F. E. O. and relatives; H. N.; M. E. F.; M. C. H. and relatives; J. B. and R. M. O.; J. A. H.; M. J.; M. C. and family; J. C. C. and relatives.

Deceased: Fanny L. Tiers; Mary Louise Byrne; Chris Christiansen; Julia Christiansen; Catherine McPartlin; Francis A. MacNutt; Mary Ann F. King; Thomas Bernard Mooney; Helen Dolan; Dennis F. Gleason; John T. Gleason; Annie J. B. Duffy; Michael Sennett; Joseph B. Vizzard.

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St. Ambrose Bursae.....	200.00
SS. Ann and John Bursae.....	200.00
St. Patrick Bursae.....	152.00
Little Flower Bursae.....	100.00

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By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, \$.10; 50 copies, \$4.50; 100 copies, \$7.00; 1,000 copies, \$60.00.

Church Latin—

By Floyd R. Manning, 2467 Valentine Ave., New York City.

Can a Catholic Be President?; Why Believe the Bible?; Why Blame the Masons?; Companionate Marriage—

Pamphlets by The Paulist Press, 401 West 49th St., New York City.

If you are interested in the study of races and would like to know how the Deity appeals to untutored peoples, read Archbishop LeRoy's book, *The Religion of the Primitives*. This sells for \$2.50, postage extra. THE FIELD AFAR office will keep copies on hand.

Has the Pope Any Political Power in the United States? The Western Catholic has published a pamphlet under this title and is prepared to forward copies at a very reasonable price.

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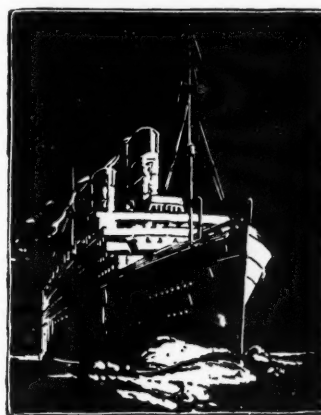
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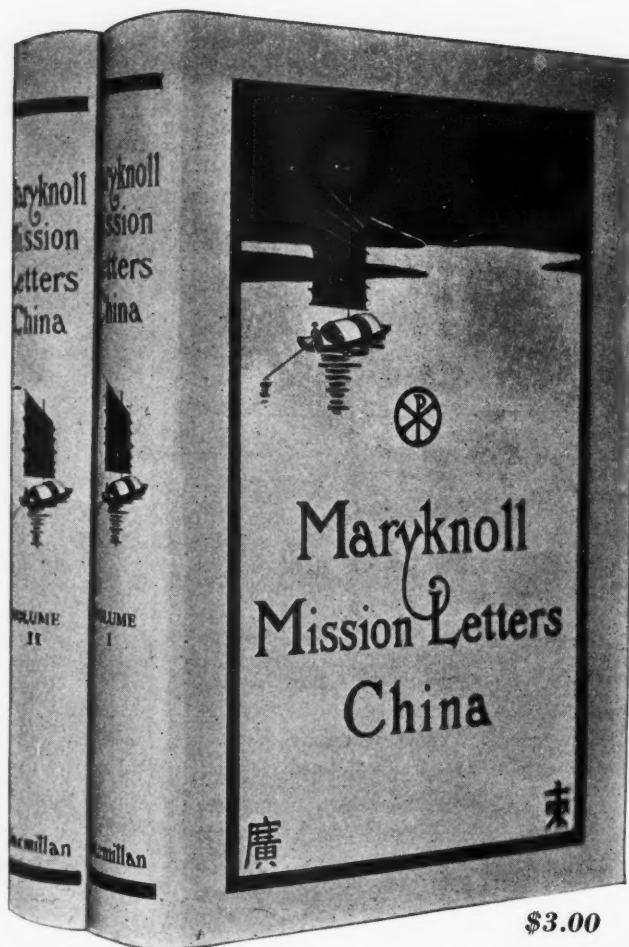
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